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HIGH PRINCIPLE	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL
CHAMPION	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL
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CHAMPION	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL	ROYAL

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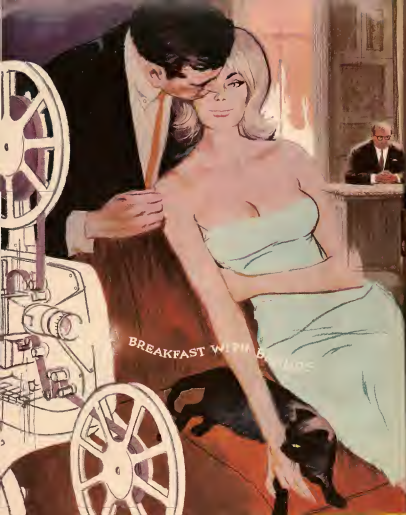
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NEXT MONTH

THERE'S DANGER ON TRAINS!

Not from accidents — trains are
 safe vehicles — but from the
 women who travel across Europe.
 They are after something — and
 not just a drink in the club car!



BREAKFAST WITH BAYLORS



MUGS OF THE WORLD, UNITE!

Arnet knew the way to win — climb over the corpses of the mugs, steal a man's wife, admit no conscience

By JOHN HERBERT

CHUCK ARNET sat waiting in the reception office of Breads Incorporated. "Breakfast With Breads — The Most Successful People Do!" Sat with the polished nose of an old hand at waiting for the boss to summon him. He was even dressed for the part in the dark, narrow clothing of the advertising profession. He was a solid five-eleven, greased, sleek, successful.

And with the air of a man who was going to be more successful, very soon.

The light from the fierce morning sun came through the window to Chuck Arnet's left. It played with the contours of his face, lengthening the supine nose and deepening the hollows in the cheeks. He held the cheeks slightly sucked in. The effect lengthened his face and implied the strong look of a predatory bird, a touch of nervousness that rarely impressed.

He was fondle with this half-gleam, half-conservative outer office — this happy marriage of go-ahead and tradition. How many times, trying to control his nervousness, had he toed the thick-piled, olive carpet while waiting for Marcus Webb, the managing director of Breads Incorporated? How many times before had he stared at the red-haired switchel and her spaghetti-mix of plug-in leads and her staccato voice while, outwardly calm, he rehearsed mentally another scene for the agency's error in publicizing one of Breads fancy breakfast foods?

Many, many times.

But today it was different. He was not seeing Marcus Webb on an alibi mission. He would be top dog this time. The can of film across his lap and the sound projector at his feet added up to the headline over a correspondence course diploma: *Prospect to Prosperity*.

Today was the Big One. Today he left the mugs back at the agency for good. The ones who had become so damned scared of Marcus Webb that he, and not the professionals, dictated the campaigns. For, to them, Webb meant the perpetual swimming pool and the second car; without his acquiescence, they would again become hatless.

Chuck Arnet had been planning this day for many months. On his advice, the television campaign for the latest cereal — *Breakfast Snappers for Adult Breakfasts to Set You Up* — had been given to Tim Simmons, the son of the agency's boss. The son was young and ambitious and Arnet had, without his knowing it, stressed the sophistication of the new line. The young man fell for the glam and borrowed from the cigarette and liquor ads. Skinny models, polished silverware — breakfast cereal is eat crystal yet!

Marcus Webb had blown his top — as Arnet knew he would — when the first two completed ads were screened.

"You've overplayed your hand," said the lizard behind the desk

"I'm surprised," he said, with heavy sarcasm, "that you forget the Rolfe-Royce and the unnamed chauffeur, with our suburban housewife lying in a hedge bed surrounded by French maids." He lifted a stubby finger and pointed it at the boss's red-faced squaring men. "Sack him," he said. "Out!"

Arnet had been at the conference. He did not share in the chaos that followed. He had smiled to himself, for that afternoon he would see the results of his own personal and secret campaign for *Bramble Snappers*.

Barry Cotter and his wife, Sandra, had finished shooting it in their Wood-leemoolie studio.

He had seen it. It was in the can across his knee. Today he would show it to Marcus Webb. And, in essence, he would say, "Marcus, this is what I can do for you. Scrub the agency. You can save money and get what you want — like this!"

And he would make triple the in-

come five years. *Joey Adams* has gone right to the top."

"When he broke up our partnership, he took our best clients with him," Barry said, without any trace of bitterness. "He had a skeleton it worked fine. Maybe one of these days he'll use it on himself."

Arnet slapped him on the shoulder. "You're source of success, son," he said. "You've got to make the big move in this business. When the chance comes, grab it. That's what I'm doing."

Barry shrugged his big head. "A tiger," he said. "You ride one, you fall off, the tiger eats you. I've seen it happen. You're a cynical, hard-hearted bastard, Chuck. But you're smart."

"Yeah," said Chuck. "What else is there?"

Strangely, it annoyed him to walk beside Barry down the corridor to the projection room. The man was too big, too contented within himself, too demure complacent and unambitious.

It was men like Barry Cotter who

ruined.

Chuck stood up and pulled her closer to him. "I'm taking company up, Sandra," he whispered. "So damned big that I can turn Barry into the top man in the business."

"What about?" she asked. "All of Marcus Webb's business — commercials, PR firms, color advertising, the works?"

He had to hold her catch her breath. They were struggling, had been all the time, making just enough to meet the bills, starving themselves of any lovers.

She came a little closer to him and he could feel her figure. It was youthful and firm. He held his arms around her waist.

"For what, Chuck?" she whispered. "You," he said. "We could have a lot of fun together. I'll be in the money, Sandra — big money. Barry wouldn't have to know. I've got a big series lined up for Webb. Up north — the Denver, Red Islands, the beaches, the circuses, taking All that jazz."

She leaned against him in the semi-darkness and his hand began to roam up her back.

"And if I don't?"

"There are a lot of photographers around," Chuck said. "But there's only one Sandra, okay?"

"You work things out, Chuck," she said, coolly. "You really work things out, don't you?"

"I know where I'm going," he said. "And I know what I want. Barry's future is in your hands. With me, he'll be really something. But without me —"

He snatched his fingers.

"Okay, darling," Barry called from the projection room. "It's all fixed. The film's ready. Run it through for us, eh?"

As she slipped from his arms, Chuck Arnet pressed his mouth against Sandra's lips. They were cool and soft. Her hair smelt of perfume.

She would be his. No doubt about that. She'd do anything to see the clumsy Barry succeed. All he would have to show her would be his company contract with Marcus Webb.

He sank back in the seat, well satisfied with himself, his lips still moist from hers. It could be a great life, if you played it right!

When Barry Cotter set down beside him, he felt almost sorry for the fool. Almost. The man was just as big a mug as those down at the agency.

The white screen came to life. The meniscus-shaped woman swung her way forward with a smooth, languid grace.

The quality of the film was great, too — crisp and clear with a background that was beautifully subdued. The girl was every man's dream of a wife, suggesting mistress and mother, nursemaid and tease.

Then the camera panned down, leaving the woman and held on the peck of *Bramble Snappers* in her short, efficient hand. The clarity was brilliant, the trade name large and clear. Gently the hand squandered the peck and he alerted his ears to the auto. The sound of the cereal crunching was like a fierce fire.

"For my man," said the honeyed, vibrant voice, dripping with sex. "And for your man. To set him up."

Chuck Arnet felt across growing inside. This was for Marcus Webb! "Not bad," he said to Barry Cotter. "But you came down on the product too slowly. More zip, man, more zip!"

He gave him a slap upon the shoulder, half tease, half console.



come he was making now.

Chuck Arnet, sucking in his cheeks a little more, looked at the wall clock behind him. Ten past ten. He had been here fifteen minutes. He didn't mind the waiting. He had the goods Marcus Webb wanted.

He could afford to wait for the dawn of the big day.

Yesterday morning, down at the Cotter studio, he had seen the completed commercial for the first time. He had arrived when Barry Cotter was winding the film on to the reel.

"Bear young Tim got the bullet," Barry said. "Nice job. Good ideas, too, even if a bit green."

"A mug," Chuck Arnet said. "A young mug, if you like, but one, just the same. A father having to sack his son. That's a new angle."

The last few inches of film slipped on to the reel and Barry — big and genial, as always — unhooked it. "Tim told me you'd given him a few leads. I thought you fixed him."

Arnet snorted. "This business is strictly dog-eat-dog," he said. "Didn't you hear? Who cares, anyway? If Marcus Webb wants a head, it's served up on a silver platter."

Barry Cotter's eyes blinked through his heavy-lensed glasses. "I just took the picture, Chuck," he said. "Leave me out of the assassination side. I don't pack a stick."

"You'll learn," Arnet said. "You're a good man, Barry, but look at you — still stuck in this miserable place

fell flat on their faces when the competition became too strong. Or just faded away, leaving the field to those who could be ruthless."

They entered the small, cool theater and Chuck shrugged arrogantly as one of the upholstered seats. "Barry," called Sandra's voice from the hidden projector, "a globe's gone here. Will you fix it, honey?"

"Should have done it yesterday," Barry called back. "I'll be right up."

He stumbled off and then Chuck heard the click of heels as Sandra came from the projection room into the theater. "Hello, Chuck," she said. "I hear young Tim's got the kiss of death from Webb."

"I tried to put him on the right track," Arnet said, with a wide smile. "Believe me, Sandra, I loved that boy — but what can you do when there's no talent?"

"He feels he's let his father down and everybody at the agency," Sandra said. "He's disappeared, anyway. Gone back or joined the army or something. You sorry?"

"Sure, I'm sorry," Chuck said. He reached out in the semi-darkness and took her hand. It was soft and cool. Everything about Sandra was soft and cool. "But in this game you play for keeps."

He held on to her hand, gently caressing the palm. Sandra always did things to him. She was a tall blonde with large, luminous eyes. She had worked as Barry's receptionist until he married her. Now she was his as-



"We just wanted to see what you looked like. You've been listed as a dependent on six returns so far."

The playboy-poet was just as much a killer-diller with bombs as with boudoir belles

THE GREAT ROMANIST

By MAX SOLLITT

MANY have tried — but no man in recent times has managed to log the gay life of that most delicate boulevardier, playboy, politician and "amoral" writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The free-wheeling poet, who died a mere 28 years ago, was among the most flamboyant figures of all time. He shocked moralists with his voluptuous writings, his life of decadent luxury, his affairs with numerous women — and his unexpected bravery as a World War I hero.

The son D'Annunzio was the archetypal of the arrogant Roman, contemptuous of convention and a sort of superbohemian, whose offbeat behavior made princesses and ladies forget their prudish upbringing and marriage vows. He wrote outrageously frank — but beautiful — poetry. Scandalous, controlled libertine and at the same time became a power in international politics.

He even defied the then all-powerful League of Nations by appointing himself dictator of the dispirited little territory of Fiume, burning his nose at all attempts to discipline him. Through this and other similar acts of defiance, he became one of the most controversial personalities in the world before, during and after the 1915-18 War.

Jewish emigrants who had written him off as a dissolute playboy lading to boudoirs from the bourgeoisie were forced to change their minds when the medieval D'Annunzio emerged as a man of courage. He engaged in many daring escapades, including one in which he flew as a helicopter in an Italian warplane over the Austro-Hungarian city of Trieste on a night in August, 1918.

In spite of heavy anti-aircraft fire, the poet persuaded the pilot to fly low over the suburbs of the city while he leaned out of the open cockpit and scribbled his name on colored paragraphs. Each was a personally signed message to the Italian-born residents of Trieste from the poet, living Italian poet and ended with a typical D'Annunzio flourish: "I am writing this to you my heart."

Though admittedly amoral, dissolute and hedonistic, Gabriele D'Annunzio is credited with being among those most responsible for persuading his countrymen to go to war with Germany. He raised protest by returning from France — where he was in hiding from his creditors — to carry the banner for the Allies.

Most Italians then regarded him as a scented top and vermouth, a perfumed gallant whose love list of love affairs rivaled Casanova's. At meetings he addressed, he was loudly and insistently asked in which particular service he would perform for Italy. D'Annunzio gave them an unimpaired answer: by the end of World War I he had fought with the airforce, navy and army and won thirty a dozen decorations from Italy and her allies.

The famous — or infamous — poet looked anything but a heroic warrior. At the time of the war, he was 51 and years of birth living had left their mark on his never-handsome face. In addition, he was bald, short and plump — but he still enjoyed an easy success with women that had been his even youth.

D'Annunzio was still a schoolboy when he wrote his first love poem. It was addressed to the beautiful first daughter and ended a college scandal. By 14, he had his first book of poems, *Poesie Vere*, published. The themes were so voluptuous that one critic summed up with advice that the presumptuous youngster should "be awarded a gold medal, then soundly whipped."

Coming from a mere schoolboy, this sort of philosophy really shook Rome's moralists. D'Annunzio was still a schoolboy when he wrote his first love poem. It was addressed to the beautiful first daughter and ended a college scandal. By 14, he had his first book of poems, *Poesie Vere*, published. The themes were so voluptuous that one critic summed up with advice that the presumptuous youngster should "be awarded a gold medal, then soundly whipped."

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I long for madness that prostrates
The soul and seas,
While fountains of evil fill the priest with
fear.
I crave infernal dances and leoness
snares,
The howls of Gnomes cooing to
pass the night.
I crave long argues and strange re-
assurances of love.
Among the loins and some days will
I madden,
Satan, yes, for you I crave . . .
The effort this poem — called
Baptism of Blood — had upon the mothers
and fathers of Catholic Italy can well
be imagined. Daughters were forced
even to mention his name, but
his poems were secretly passed one
to the other. And when he came to
Rome after leaving school at 19 to

become a freelance writer—financially
aided by a proud and indulgent father
Gabriele D'Annunzio was already
well known as a devoted follower of
La Dolce Vita.
He had promised, of course, to re-
turn to marry the impulsive mother's
daughter — but the mothers of Rome
soon disavowed him against this plea-
sant ambition. For he was then an
"evile" young man with black, curly
hair and hypnotic brown eyes. He had
to live up to the life he presented and
in no time was involved at the same
time in several rather dithyrambic love
affairs with the barest minimum of the
murder accessory.
His amorous exploits, even more
than his outrageous poetry, became
news, especially when he eloped with
Mara, daughter of the uppy Duke

of Galleas, who hated him. The most
dilemma had police trust the runaway
arrived in Florence. Mara was whipped
back to her father and D'Annunzio
warned never again to see her.
But he took his love affairs seriously
and again and again disavowed an
interview with Duke Galleas, although
several times drawn off the dual
estate. Only when the duke found that
Mara was pregnant did he agree to
see the arrogant young poet.
The girl was given permission to
marry but nothing else. She was cut
off without a line and did never again
to darken the duke's doorway. D'Annunzio
was with an easy son to support,
because a society columnist in Florence,
which was not exactly what his new
wife should have predicted.
He mixed with politicians, duchesses

and courtesans of the grey way Roman
aristocracy and began to lead a busy
double life, commuting from Florentine
boudoir to legal bedroom. And he
maintained his ability to shock society
by publishing a book of poems in
which one detailed his promising af-
fair with the duke's daughter and an-
other one of short stories entitled *The
Book of Fumes*. As they dealt with
such unmentionable subjects as rape
and abortion, both books were branded
as "decadent and obscene" — and thus
became best-sellers.
And thereby D'Annunzio also con-
solidated his position with the amor-
ous young Italian princesses whose
husbands considered him a wicked
philanderer in league with the devil
himself. This made the ladies love him
more and he became the idol of Rome



As a 16-year-old, his brazen poems shocked society. As a middle-aged

man, he captured a city. In between were hundreds of hot love affairs

The playboy-poet was just as
much a killer-diller with
bombs as with boudoir belles

THE GREAT AMORIST

By MAX SOLLITT

MANY have tried — but no rose in recent times has managed to top the gay life of that most dedicated womaniser, playboy, politician and "immoral" writer, Gabriele D'Annunzio.

The free-wheeling poet, who died a mere 38 years ago, was among the most flamboyant figures of all time. He shocked mankind with his voluptuous writings, his life of decadent luxury, his affairs with numerous women — and his unexpected bravery as a World War I hero.

The rich D'Annunzio was the archetype of the arrogant Roman, contemptuous of convention and a sort of super-beatnik whose off-beat behavior made prisoners and heroines forget their religious unbewings and marriage vows. He wrote outrageously frank — but beautiful — poetry, fought duels, cuckolded husbands and at the same time became a power in international politics.

He even defied the then all-powerful League of Nations by appointing himself dictator of the eight-square-kilometer Republic of Fiume, throwing his nose at all attempts to dangle him. Through this and other similar acts of defiance, he became one of the most controversial personalities in the world before, during and after the 1914-18 War.

Jealous enemies who had written him off as a dissolute playboy huffing in boudoirs from the boudoirs were forced to change their minds when the intellectual D'Annunzio emerged as a man of courage. He engaged in many daring escapades, including one in which he flew as a bombardier in an Italian warplane over the Austrian-held city of Trieste on a night in August 1918.

In spite of heavy anti-aircraft fire, the poet persuaded the pilot to fly low over the suburbs of the city while he leaked out of the open cockpit and emptied baskets of printed pamphlets. Each was a personally signed message to the Italian-born residents of Trieste from the greatest living Italian poet and ended with a typically flamboyant. From these soaring salutes I took you my heart.

Though admittedly amoral, dissolute and hedonistic, Gabriele D'Annunzio is credited with being among those most responsible for persuading his countrymen to go to war with Germany. He risked arrest by returning from France — where he was in hiding from his creditors — to carry the banner for the Allies.

Most Italians then regarded him as a scented fop and womaniser, a perfumed galsbait whose long list of love affairs rivaled Casanova's. At meetings he addressed, he was loudly and insultingly asked in which particular service he would perform for Italy. D'Annunzio gave them an unostentatious answer: by the end of World War I he had fought with the airforce, navy and army and won nearly a dozen decorations from Italy and her allies.

The famous — or infamous — poet looked anything but a heroic warrior. At the time of the war, he was 32 and years of high living had left their mark on his never-handsome face. In addition, he was bald, short and plump — but he still enjoyed an easy success with women that had been his since youth.

D'Annunzio was still a schoolboy when he wrote his first love poem. It was addressed to the hangings master's daughter and caused a college scandal. By 18, he had his first book of poems, *Primo Vere*, published. The themes were so voluptuous that one critic summed up with advice that the presumptuous youngster should "be awarded a gold medal, then soundly whipped."

Coming from a mere schoolboy, this sort of philosophy really shook Rome's ordered society.

No longer do I crave the sweetness
of ideal romance,
The softness of the apple and the
smile, nor scaps
And gentle carols told the flowers and
soft sweet words;
No longer Nemian games and girls
and luscious notes . . .

No, Solon, you I crave beneath your
brazen wing,
To stand beside me and fill me with
your all.



I long for madness that prostrates
the soul and aces

While Agnes of coal fill the priest with
fear

I crave infernal dances and innocent
scandals

The boasts of Grecian concubines to
pass the night

I crave long cruises and strange un-
known forms of love

Among the Meads and some cups will
I wander

Solon, you, fill you I crave . . .

The effect this poem — called *Sonnetto* — had upon the mothers and fathers of Catholic Italy can well be imagined. Daughters were forbidden even to mention his name, but his poems were secretly passed one to the other. And when he came to Rome after leaving school at 19 to

As a 16-year-old, his brazen poems shocked society. As a middle-aged



become a freelance writer—financially helped by a proud and indulgent father — Gabriele D'Annunzio was already well known as a devoted follower of La Dolce Vita.

He had promised, of course, to return to marry the language minister's daughter — But the mistress of Rome soon disabused him against this piteous ambition. For he was then an obese young man with black, curly hair and hypnotic brown eyes. He had to live up to the life he preached and in no time was involved at the same time in several rather dangerous love affairs with the bored matrons of the minor aristocracy.

His amorous exploits, even more than his outrageous poetry, became news, especially when he eloped with Maria, daughter of the uppy Duke

of Galliera, who hated him. The irate duke had police meet the runaway lovers in Florence. Maria was whipped back to her father and D'Annunzio warned never again to see her.

But he took his love affairs seriously and again and again demanded an interview with Duke Galliera, although several times thrown off the ducal estate. Only when the duke found that Maria was pregnant did he agree to see the arrogant young poet.

The girl was given permission to marry but nothing else. She was cut off without a lira and cold never again to darken the duke's doorway. D'Annunzio, with an early son in support, became a society columnist on Tribuna, which was not exactly what his new wife should have prescribed.

He mixed with princesses, duchesses

and countesses of the prowler Roman aristocracy and began to lead a busy double life, contrasting from their boredom to legal bedroom. And he maintained his ability to shock society by publishing a book of poems in which one detailed his premarital affair with the duke's daughter and another one of short stories entitled *The Book of Virtues*. As they dealt with such unsentimental subjects as rape and abortion, both books were branded as "decadent and obscene" — and thus became best sellers.

And thereby D'Annunzio also consolidated his position with the amorous young Italian princesses whose husbands considered him a wicked philanderer in league with the devil himself. This made the ladies love him more and he became the idol of less

man, he captured a city. In between were hundreds of hot love affairs

successful man everywhere. Jealous husbands tracked him down to demand the return of their honor with the sword.

In one of these duels, the daring poet received such a cut on the head that the nervous doctor in attendance doused the wound with a whole bottle of ferrous perchlorate. This stopped the bleeding, but had an unfortunate side effect. D'Annunzio lost his hair and was half bald by 26.

But he had just published his most successful novel, *Child of Fire* — an expose of Italian society with him self thinly disguised as the hero — and the women sought him with even more fervor. The Italian beauties were joined by belles of international society.

His first wife and lived in Naples with a princess who described her husband and two children. This liaison lasted for five years and the princess bore him two illegitimate children. But she eventually lost him — after many casual affairs — to the world famous actress, Eleonora Duse. D'Annunzio was making the headlines from his writings. He had villas all over Italy to which he retired from time to time to write another master piece or to clothe some beauty who had caught his eye. The D'Annunzio cult was so strong during the 1890s that he had to keep his movements secret and the best-selling females heaped such was his charm for women that three prominent socialites fought like unicorns, tearing each other's clothes and skin, over the possession of a handkerchief he had dropped on the floor at a reception.

It was openly said that he had the power to hypnotize the opposite sex. Visiting a nightclub frequented, he invited one of the dancers to visit his table. Within a minute — and not knowing who he was — the girl was clapping his hand in hers and gazing into his eyes with adoration. When the time came for her next number, she reluctantly tore herself away from the stranger, walked off as if in a trance and fainted dead away.

Never one to miss an opportunity, D'Annunzio carried her to a private room, revived her with champagne and was not seen for several hours.

He wrote plays none of them as successful as his poems and novels, for Eleonora Duse. Her infatuation for him was such that she would act only in his plays. When producers refused to stage them, the Duse put them on at her own expense. Only her appearance, as the world's greatest actress, made them popular.

They were lovers for six years — but he was incapable of being faithful even to such as the While she was on tour, news came that D'Annunzio was entertaining the most famous beauties, courtesans and demimondaines of Europe in the splendid villa he had reconstructed in medieval style.

On her return from each tour, Eleonora Duse would sweep majestically through the opulent house opening doors and windows to let out the cloying smell of incense which her lover burned to induce a seductive atmosphere. Finally, unable to take her haughtiness and temperamental outbursts, D'Annunzio deserted her to take up with a sports mad, horse-riding marchioness a foot taller than himself.

He had intended the liaison as only an overnight diversion but the masochistic marchioness produced a pearl-handled pistol and threatened to kill them both if he did not continue the affair. D'Annunzio swore swifly love

on the spot and the marchioness left her husband and two children to live openly with the poet. At the end of two years, she entered a convent in atone for her sins.

D'Annunzio was not overly upset, as he then had yet another special mistress as well as other physical acquaintances. Her name was Giuseppe and, after two years, she finished up in an asylum.

Some said that the rascally poet got rid of her by showing her husband some wildly passionate love letters and persuading him to have her committed as a nymphomaniac, a legal sin. Another story is that the husband, running upon the two together, threw her naked into the streets, where the distraught woman was picked up by police and certified as mad.

Biographers tend to embellish such highly-colored stories. D'Annunzio, though suffering no pains of conscience, usually got rid of his unwanted mistresses in a gentlemanly manner. Many, in fact, viewed him as a friend after they had been dismissed, just to talk over old delights.

With one of his most recent mistresses in an asylum and the other in a convent, Gabriele D'Annunzio took up with the wife of a Russian diplo-



mat who, it seems, had a great gift for spending his money. As D'Annunzio also had the gift of extravagance — the snobs in one of his splendid homes were carpeted with Persian rugs — the hot breath of a hundred courtesans became hotter.

In 1910, he fled to Paris to avoid court actions and watched helplessly from a distance while his creditors seized and sold up his collection of art treasures and furniture. But though the art sale lasted for three weeks, it did not bring in enough to meet the outstanding bills and D'Annunzio was forced to return to Paris. Not alone, of course. The Russian diplomat's wife followed him into exile and shared him with a number of French mistresses.

His genius in writing a number of successful plays and the scenario for a silent film enabled the liquidation of most of his debts, but enough were still outstanding to make his return to his country legally dangerous. However, the outbreak of World War I brought him home. As soon as Italy declared war in 1915, D'Annunzio enlisted as an officer in a cavalry regiment but was given carte blanche to move around, because of his propaganda value.

After many trips as a bombardier, he was voted his personal plane by the City of Rome and took it on many solo bombing raids. He also joined the infantry for service at the trenches and, while in submarine, organized the famous torpedo boat raid on the Austro-held port of Buccari. There he lost four transports after first blowing up defensive nets across the harbor.

While the boats were escaping under heavy fire, D'Annunzio dumped dozens of bottles overhead, each carrying the Italian flag and a dense personal message to the Austrian commander. For this, he won a British decoration.

The so-called effete poet was in several other adventurous jaunts against the Germans and Austrians, but he really received worldwide publicity just after the war ended. Instead of Fame being handed back to the Italians, it was scooped by a mixed force of Italian, French and British troops. The League of Nations favored giving Fiume not to Italy but to Yugoslavia.

News that the Allied troops became so bad that the League preceded upon the Italian Premier, Francesco Nitti, to withdraw his troops. To the fiery D'Annunzio, the whole thing was a blatant double-cross. He resigned the army and toured the country, making in picturesque language against the League of Nations and Nitti's weakness in taking away his troops.

As firebrand as ever, he organized a volunteer army he called the Legion of Fiume — which soon grew to 3000 men — and then raided a government stores depot for trucks and arms. It was an outright rebellion. The government countered by ordering their troops on the route to Fiume to open fire on D'Annunzio's rebels.

At Capua, on the road to Fiume, the regulars threw up a block. With a flourish, the cocky little warrior poet jumped from his truck before the barbed wire and strode up to the commanding officer. He threw open his topcoat to reveal the rows of medals on his uniform and shouted, "I am Gabriele D'Annunzio — shoot me first!"

Choked with Latin emotions, the officer went to meet the poet, embraced him and ordered the barricades down. Triumphantly, D'Annunzio and his rebel army swept into Fiume. The French and British ships in the harbor — the "black fleet" — claimed the government still refused to claim the city as its own.

D'Annunzio, however, was not ready to hedge. On the spot, he declared Fiume to be an independent state, with himself as regent. Drawing up a constitution that was stranger than the democratic, communist and fascist, he established himself in a large palace in the center of the city.

While the League of Nations debated the matter and the Italian deputies tore their hair, Gabriele D'Annunzio reigned as a benevolent despot, writing poetry, painting to bolster the population's morale. It needed boosting. Italian warships blockaded the port and cut off food supplies.

The discussions went on for 36 months. Finally, part of Fiume was ceded to Yugoslavia, the other part allowed to remain an independent State. With it, Gabriele D'Annunzio. But the "Regent of Fiume" had greatly enjoyed the heady taste of power and now made up his mind not to hand over "his" city to anyone.

(Continued on page 17)



His only hope was to keep the huge man's respect. One hint of cowardice and the game would be over.

JOHNNY,



Even though exhausted and with a broken rib, he had

COME QUIETLY

By PHILIP SAND



FOR a moment, complete silence. Then everyone began doing what they had done before, a little louder. The barman's dark little pig-eyes were darting around while he polished a glass, furiously. The man in soiled grey flannel plopped up the threads of a yarn again and his mates laughed uproariously before he reached the point.

Only Big Johnny in his corner went on drinking serenely.

The quart of wine in front of him was three-parts gone. A new chunk might have thought he'd be drunk but the old hands knew better.

Johnny was a big man, arms like the branches he lopped daily from the tall blackbuts. He could work hard. He could eat prodigiously. He could drink a lot of wine before it showed.

Jim Sheldon stood quite still in the doorway for a while, even after his eyes found Johnny. Every man was waiting, with a pleasurable tingle of anticipation, to see what would happen Johnny might not be drunk. But he was unpredictable.

Whitey Bloss hadn't said more than a mouthful to him, with that odd half-smile on his face. And Big Johnny had hit him, just once. That had been enough.

Now Whitey Bloss was dead. All Tallow-wood Creek waited to see what Johnny would do to Camille Sheldon.

And Jim Sheldon wasn't feeling as confident as he looked. He walked over and sat down next to the big forester.

"Hello, Johnny," he said.

Johnny looked at him, blue eyes mild. His hair was a red forest and dense red scrub covered the great forearms folded on the table.

"Hello, Jim. Want a drink?"

Sheldon shook his head. "Not today, Johnny, thanks."

A pause. Johnny poured another glass, drank it. The others were choking on their beers. Johnny finished his drink, poured another, tipping the bottle until the last, red drops flowed into his glass.

He sent it down his throat in one, long gulp, like a mountain stream in spate, wiped his hand across his mouth and sighed. "You come for me, Jim?"

"That's right, Johnny. Don't tell me anything you'd rather I didn't hear."

Neither offered to move.

Then Sheldon said, "We don't want no more trouble, do we, Johnny?"

"No, Jim."

He stood up then, nearly all the way to the timbered roof.

Jim Sheldon was a big man, six feet two and broad with it, but beside the timber-cutter he looked like a strapping. He said the formal words quietly.

The handcrafts looked like a child's toy on the massive wrists. The tension drained out of the long room as the jeep drove away.

Shuffling down the rough timber-track, Jim peeled tobacco and matches from his pocket. Johnny, clumsy because of the brass, rolled and lit two. He gave one to the constable, and Jim said, "Thanks, Johnny." His tone was thankful for more than the cigarette.

"Can I tell you about it, Jim?"

"You don't have to."

"Yes, I know, I want to tell you. I can tell you if I want to, can't I?"

"Yes. But remember, I must use it in evidence."

"It was about Texas," said Johnny. "You know Texas, Jim?"

Jim nodded. She was as big-built, for a woman, as Johnny was for a man, but all female. She had black hair and eyes, and full red lips, and a figure. She made every pulse on the forest road beat a little faster, but no one wanted to tangle with Johnny's girl.

"But Whitey said she did." Johnny's voice was a low rumble, devoid of anger. "Said she was twiddling me with that little squirt of a mill-agent, Windrow. That's why I hit him, Jim. I didn't seem to kill him. He should keep his tongue off my girl."

Whitey had probably been on the metho, thought Jim. He must have been crazy to tackle Big Johnny.

"I might have passed it up then," Johnny was saying. "He was drunk, see? I might have let it go, but I went to pick me drink up—it was in the bar, you know?"

Jim knew. He'd just come from the bar at Goom Falls. No one was drinking there now, and the undertaker was using the back room. Whitey Bloss had had his skull stove in like a crushed toadstool.

to face up to another adversary—the wild woman protecting her lover

"I just reached out to pick me drink up," said Johnny, reasonably, "and he fished for cover. Thought he was such a little runt it wouldn't be worth me while to hit him, and he could say what he liked. Couldn't stand up like a man, see?"

The handcuffs clinked as he drew on his smoke. "Can't abide a coward. So I hit him."

"You certainly did, my lad," thought Jim. "It says to God nobody ever hits me like that!"

He swung the jeep round a blind corner, swore, pounded the brake and slowed to a stop, a scowling man from the timber-junker that blocked the way ahead.

"You Moody fools!" he spat, strapping built from under Johnny's over-saturated bulk. "What the hell are you doing? Get that junker off the road!"

He got to the doorhandle and scrambled out. Johnny rolled out on his side.

There were three of them, sallow faced, stuffy eyes, rifles handy. They didn't meet his face him—the carefully parked junker was sufficient confrontation.

"Let him go, Sheldon," said the first.

Jim's grey eyes hardened. "You're interfering with the law, Hedley. It's a serious offense. I warn you."

"The law?" Hedley spat acerbically, an inch from his foot. "You're the law round here, Sheldon. You're only a man like everyone else. No one in their senses could expect you to bring Big Johnny in single-handed. Not even that overfed clerk in Elmore who calls himself an inspector. Let him go, Sheldon!"

Jim's hand moved toward his belt, but the others were ready. Before the measure of their rifles he must go carefully.

He said quietly to his prisoner, "Don't listen to them, Johnny. There's no hope this way. Do you want to live the rest of your life in the run?"

Johnny wavered, blue eyes troubled, and Jim pressed the point. "Tell them no, Johnny. Tell them to stand clear, we're going through."

"Tell him to go to hell, Johnny," Hedley called harshly. "You want to arrange?"

The big man's gaze returned to him. Hedley came closer.

"Play it wise, Johnny," he urged. "We're your mates — we'll all look after you. Get away from this dumb cop and no one will dare swear against you — we'll see to that. We got brains, Johnny — we got guns. All we need is a chap like you."

Then Jim saw the drift. "No, Johnny," he said urgently. "Can't you see? Go with them and you're done for. They only want you to do their dirty work — they want a desperate man who doesn't care what he does. You're not a crook, Johnny. Don't listen!"

He felt the big man's interest away toward him. But it was not enough. The measure of the rifles still deterred the exchange. Slowly, for Johnny moved towards Hedley. "You'll see I don't get took," he added.

"Johnny, don't be a fool!" Jim cried. "Shut up, copper," snarled Hedley. "You're right, Johnny."

His rifle swung nearer. "Give us the keys to his handcuffs, copper."

"Come and get them."

Hedley laughed. "There's an easier way than that. Here—" He thrust the rifle into Johnny's manacled hands.

"What's this for?" The big man was bewildered.

"You know. You've got killing on your plate — what's keeping you? Bettle his back, Johnny. Then you'll be free."

For a split second their eyes were diverted. The gun swung aimlessly in Johnny's hands. Jim saw his chance and moved.

He flung himself to the ground, jerked under the vehicle, pulling his army revolver clear as he rolled and came up in the shelter of the jeep, arm stiff, weapon levelled in a steady hand.

The effect on the others was electric. One of the men lowered his rifle at once. The other flinched from the glare of the revolver as if he had been hit. Only Hedley stood his ground. Jim followed up his advantage.

"Drop those guns," he barked. The second rifle fell. Hedley grabbed his in defiance.

"Don't be a fool, Hedley," Jim said quietly. "I can fire before you even take aim. Want me to prove it? One —"

At the count of two the third gun went down.

Jim walked around the jeep, watching Johnny from the corner of his eye. "Back against the junker," he ordered. They assembled over obediently.



"Into the jeep, Johnny. Let's go."

He flung the rifles into the back, restarted the engine. They lurched into the undergrowth, cleared a way round the junker. Behind them, three shamed men watched them go.

Johnny checked. "You certainly can handle a tight spot, Jim." After a pause, he added, "I wouldn't have shot you, you know I wouldn't have stood for that."

Jim grinned, silent on his driving. He didn't like to think what would have happened if he hadn't regained control, but a funny feeling behind his shoulder-blades sent his face down hard on the accelerator. Johnny sat beside him, mute like a mule, blue eyes were exploring the surrounding forest as if he never expected to see it again.

Then he stifled. "I smell smoke. Where do you reckon it's coming from?"

Jim bent round to look. Pay over to the right, smoke rose in a heavy, yellowish column. In the unsmoking air of late summer, it rose in turgid billows, dense piles heaving into the clear sky. It was to burn off. The Jim's ex-primed eye it was evidently a full scale forest fire.

Johnny said absently, "Looks like it could be over at Goose Creek Jim, can we go and see?"

He asked as humbly as a child begging for a treat.

"I haven't much choice," said Jim. "If it is Goose — and it could be — I should be there."

He cursed to himself. The brushfire could have started only if he had Johnny snatched up.

"Johnny at Goose," Johnny said plaintively. "After I cloaked Whitley, she went down there to stay with her sister. I wouldn't want anything to happen to her, Jim."

"I don't want anything to happen to Goose Creek," Jim said shortly. "Look, Johnny — whenever you want to do back there — it looks as though we're in this together. You know what parole means?"

"Like hell!"

"That's it. Until we see this fire through, you're on bail. Tight."

The great red head nodded. "Tight, Jim."

The fire hadn't reached Goose Creek, but it was on the way. Catching the first, faint breath of the southwester, it was moving through the dense tangle of second-growth scrub toward the dry mill town.

When the jeep drew up, activity had already got under way. A brace of trucks parked well clear of the mill disgorged their teams of officers who attacked the scrub between the township and the path of the fire.

Near the single row of old-timber dwellings, an old man had started a fire, and was working at the smoke like an inmate of the nearer regions, hushhanded the little circle of flame along a 100 yard front.

Women were moving out of the houses, carrying bags filled to sticks. The scene was as ordered as a battlefield. The people at Goose Creek had fought fires before.

Jim unlocked Johnny's handcuffs and he sprang down without a word, found an axe and went to join the break-cutters. Jim found the foreman near the mill, directing another team into the fight, and barked him, "Where would you like me, Bert?"

The man looked up, surprised. "You, Jim? I thought you were —"

"Belonger in Big Johnny. Yes. But this is more important."

"What did you do with him?"

Jim jerked his head toward the place where the guard was feeling a two-way sapling with tremendous strokes of the cut.

"The girl's here," he said. "I gave him parole."

"Pity it had to happen," said Bert. "He's worth two ordinary men. What did he want to do it for?"

He handed the constable an axe, and they joined the fighters.

It was growing hard to breathe. Difficult to see. The light breeze blew smoke shrouds of the flames, blocking out the sun. The air about them, visible with eucalyptus was dangerously near spontaneous combustion. The least spark would set a whole tree off, like a Roman candle.

Then the main front of the fire roared in at them and the world narrowed down to the ache of sucking arms and the agonized drag of heated air through labored lungs. Now and then someone thrust a water-bag under his nose, and he drank, snatching a respite no longer than the weary drawing of a blackened arm across his sword-drenched face. Then he went doggedly into the battle again.

(Continued on page 77)



"Come, now, baby. That's hardly the place for a travel agency to tell a man to go!"

**MOMENT
IN SOLITUDE**



A girl's free to indulge herself when no one's around—to stretch and purr and pose . . . and maybe make eyes at herself in the mirror—just to keep in practice. The touch of satin, the whisper of chiffon—quiet, now: don't disturb!



LOST SOUL ON THE ROAD TO HELL

By KEN WELSH

THERE were always tourists from that other part of town, that other part where people live the good life. The nine-to-five, bath-every-night, now-the-lawn-on-Sunday life. They didn't interest me. They were just a necessary evil. Well, maybe not necessary, but they brought money with them. A man has got to make some concession to his soul when it comes to eating.

Anyway, when the scene became a bit of a bore some of them made for an interesting highlight to a dull stretch. You'd be surprised at the number of nine-to-five losers who flip when they see a *beard*. And the men were the same, but in a different way.

They came down to the swinging part of town at midnight after all the good people had gone to bed, their hearts pounding at the differences they saw, their little minds feeling twisted and confused as one part said we were so good and honest and quore and leeches — and the other part viding, oh, viding so hard, that they could be like us, care-free, happy and bent. The deepest and most secret part of their psyche.

But they struggled it off as a joke and instead condemned and laughed and criticized and next day told their friends in the air-conditioned office, where they worked and wasted their life away at the boss' expense, about the looks they saw downtown last night. And the friends gullified with good astuteness (not always sincere) slipped them on their good fellow backs and told them they were pretty wild chappies for going to that part of town and asked them did they get any. (The free love life. They reckon it happens all the time.)

Then the wild chappie would smile like a secret ratn and go back to work and when he'd look up from his desk he'd see one of his friends looking at him and the friend would wink and the chappie winks back and the deepest, most secret part of him would swell up and say, "Man — you're a wild, wild kid!"

And that gives you a blessed insight as to who Johnny (me) is . . . or used to be. I was the secret part of all those who used to laugh — very quietly, because they were afraid — when they saw me.

So there's the start of it all; right off you know what I think of the "good life". It's not for Johnny. So I'm left with this question I keep asking myself. Why did I tangle with them? Because I'm pretty close to being one of them, you know, men . . .

(Continued on page 84)



The good life, they coil it.
The one, man, with frosted glass
windows and iron bars of security,
progress, conformity, money



"My time is very valuable, Miss Twilby! Are you or aren't you that kind of a girl?"

The strains of a Brubeck six-four blues filtered into me, invading me like some sort of musical gas I lay on the bed, not really thinking of anything, just floating in the sweet sound. That's the thing in music, the sound! What the sound does for you! Not what some brain-bound, frustrated musician or a journalist tells you it's been doing for him, at his labor for money, weekly 500 word tilt in the Arts Supplement (Music Section — Page 68).

Anyway, that was what I was doing when Randy (dirty, bearded and thought he was a poet) says, "Johnny, we've got problems."

"So . . . we've got problems, man. What do we do?" Randy never said what he meant if he could avoid it. Poetical hence?

"So we've got problems," I said, carrying the evasion of the issue game further. "So we'll do what we always do when we've got problems."



"What do we always do?" Randy had a bad habit of not being able to make a game interesting. He should make it "Okay" and let it at that and forget about the whole thing. Let's face it — a problem is not a problem until the crack of it is dignified with worry. Until then it's just a nothing. "What do we always do?" he asked again, because I had not answered.

"Nothing."

"You're a funny man, Johnny."

"So I'll write jokes for Mervyn Brunsdon for a living."

"When you would, Johnny. When you write something anyway, something that'd sell. There's no money left."

"Stuff." Big problem. We faced it regularly at least twice a week.

"Randy out. Two weeks behind on the room as well."

The Brubeck disc finished and the needle whirled us way around the guide grooves I swung off the bed and turned the gram off, listening to the waltzes as the needle scraped to a stop. "I sold a story last week. What happened to the lack?"

"That was three weeks ago."

"Oh." Time flies.

"Mac hasn't done a drawing for a month." Mac was the third member of our "colony". He had this notion that he was an artist and made instant sketches of the wild characters from the good life.

"Where is Mac? Haven't seen him around for a while."

"Jacobey Walton said a painting last week. Got fifty for it. They're celebrating."

"Still?"

"It's only a week, man." Which was a point, because Mac had a habit of celebrating on the slightest pretext and staying rotten for three weeks at a time.

"I've got a story out. Should sell. Keep us going for a while."

Randy arranged around on the book shelf behind him and threw me an envelope. "I forgot. This came back a couple of days ago. They didn't like it."

"That." Big deal. They didn't like it. I could see a rule all that they weren't going to like the novel. I was handing my guts out on, either. Still, I figured, the houses that reject it are the ones going to lose in the long run. Not me.

"So what do we do, Johnny. We're lost."

"What about your poetry? You got say out?" Not that it mattered. Money



poems bought wasn't going to help.

"I'm still working on the big one, Johnny. You know that." Randy had been working on the big one ever since the three of us had decided to share the room and pool resources. Nine months ago, to be exact. Randy had sold three poems in that time. And the big one? It'd never be finished.

"If we've got to solve, Randy. We're lost. We'll have to dissolve the partner ship."

"That's sad."

"Yeah. Tell Mac when you see him, 'You know'." I loaded a suitcase out from under my bed and started throwing books and clothes into it.

"You just walking out?" Randy never could understand instant action.

"No. We're prolonging the whole bit."

"What about the bank loan?"

"If we've got there's nothing there can do, is there?" Was there? I hoped not.

"Where are you going?"

"Find somewhere to sit and have a bit of a smoke."

"You're not worried about the situation?"

"No."

"What do you think I should do?"

"It's your life."

"But what do you think?" Randy had asked about ten questions in a row. He never was one for making decisions.

I put the cover on my portable type writer and snapped the latches on my case. I shook Randy's hand. I'd miss him. He was a good guy, but a nut.

Funny guy. "Look after yourself, Randy. See you around. Don't forget to say hello to Mac for me when you find him."

I still hadn't answered Randy's question and I wasn't going to. He was getting that way. Had never made a decision for himself. "Yeah, see you, Johnny?" He stared and looked down on the street from the window and didn't look at me as I left the room. When I reached the street I looked up, but I couldn't see him.

I hugged my typewriter and ran down to the park about half mile away—madness and downtown and the good life — and sat on a bench.

I pulled my money from my pocket. About \$10. Enough for a coffee lunch and a packet of smokes. A day's living if I slept in the park. I considered what I had that could be pawned or sold. The typewriter was out of the question. I had pawned it once in a moment of financial and mental frustration. The moment I'd spent the money I wanted it back to tap out at least a dozen ideas. I had I took me four months to save enough to get it back and the dozen ideas were lost forever.

That left my record collection. Seven LP's in all. Four Brubecks, a Gillespie, a Miles Davis and the soundtrack from the Brando film of Julius Caesar. I'd got, perhaps, a dollar each for them.

It broke my heart when the guy in the shop pulled them out of their sleeves, scrutinized them and mentally deducted a quarter for every minute scratch he saw or thought he saw. I ended up with \$6.25. Enough for a few nights at the Solvo Hotel and enough to get me started into something to pick up a few balls.

I was pretty well into the city when I saw the office. I'd walked the way off and never noticed it. I shrugged to myself and went in. It was a government employment office, a dreary little place, dusty and completely void of character or interest. A counter, and behind two or three little part-timed offices with frosted glass walls so that you couldn't recognize who was behind them. A black shadow floated around behind the wall.

A small brass bell stood on the counter. I contemplated it for a moment and thought "Kicksville, man", picked it up and gave it a shake. The door opened and the shadow turned out to be an aesthetically little man who wheeled as he walked and had a completely bald head and a completely turnstone, shakable face. He wore a black suit under a dirty grey cardigan, a red and black tie that had gone out of fashion 20 years ago and a grubby white shirt.

He looked me up and down like with my pants, arse, neck, sweater and beaded with small beads, some, four culture-like eyes. Before he even spoke, and before I spoke, we'd decided we didn't like each other.

"Yes," he said. He wasn't interested. As far as he was concerned I could have turned and walked out of the office.

"This is where you see about a job?" I asked.

"Yes. The handy culture's eyes shut up and down."

"I'd like you to help me get a job."

I didn't like asking for his help, but it seemed to be the best way to see.

"Wait." He went back into his frosted glass walled office and returned a moment later with a form.

"You ever been out of these before?" No. Better help you than, I



suppose. People never seem to fill them out properly. Name?"

"Scanlon."

"Full name?" He was irritated already. Man, I thought, I'm glad I'm not a woman and married to you.

"John Edward Scanlon."

"How do you spell it?"

"J . . . O . . ."

"No, no — Scanlon. How do you spell Scanlon?"

"Scanlon . . . S . . . C . . ."

"All right then, Scanlon. How do you spell it?"

"It was just . . ." What was the use?

"S-C-A-N-L-O-W."

"Funny name." He was interested in something. Funny name.

"Yes. You see, my father . . ." He wasn't interested in my family heritage, and the beady eyes registered boredom before the first sentence left my lips.

"Address?"

"Nowhere at the moment. I'm just on the way in the Salvation Army hostel."

"You're new in the city?"

"Yes. Easier to say yes than try to explain."

Anyway, if I did explain, somehow, someone might find out that I owed a one-third share of a footstool's back rest.

"Salvation Army hostel, then? He wrote laboriously. "Next of kin?"

"None."

"None? Never did like putting other people's names on forms."

"Dead?"

"Yes."

"Anyone related? The space has to be filled."

"I was thoroughly sick of this. "No — no one."

"The little man put his pen down and signed deeply. "This is regular." Poor little chap. I'd put a spoke in his eye.

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First thing, of course, was the writing bag. That's what I was. A writer.

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as promised, was put on to \$70 per week. It was good loot and I was putting 20, 30 and sometimes 40 away towards the day when I'd gain my freedom again.

It didn't take long for the job to get me down, though. I really started to push one day after Jack Langdon (my I worked with) and I had just finished morning coffee (institutional constitutional).

"You finished the copy on the Westmaster account yet, Jack?" I asked.

"Those . . . ?"

"Westmaster. Hundred words. Next Tuesday's evening paper."

"No, not yet."

"Does asked me for it."

"Is who he?"

"Are you flat out on the other stuff?"

"No . . . Just can't be bothered."

"Jack, it's gotta be done. Give it and I'll do it for you."

"Till do it, Johnny, I'll do it. What's the rush?"

"No rush."

It just seemed fair and simple to me that if the bossman was paying us as much as well do the job we were being paid to do.

Jack came over and sloshed all over my desk. "Look, Johnny, I'm not trying to preach to you, but what's the point? What's the matter if we don't do it until the last minute? Payday comes around anyway. You got to look at it philosophically. Copy writers are hard to come by. We're copy writers. They want us. If they sack us we can get jobs anywhere because copy writers are hard to come by. And they don't want to sack us and I don't give a fuck. If they do. There's no sense in fussing. Your gut, Johnny. We've got it made. Jack smiled and went back to his desk. He put his feet up on it. "You know? I'm sick and tired of this sack."

"Why do you do it?"

"Where else can I get 60 or 80 bucks a week for sitting on my fat?"

"Good point, Jack," I said. "Good point."

You hypocritical bastard I thought. If you don't like the work why don't you shove off? Self-dramat was something I didn't do. I made everything possible. What use is a man to himself if he hates the work he's doing and yet won't leave it for something he doesn't want?

You cruel, Jack, I thought. Why don't you find out what you want to do and go out and do it? Perhaps then you'll find something evident about yourself apart from your ability to evade yourself and waste your life.

I finished the work I was doing too, and I finished with a purpose other than cynicism. I knew what I was doing, why I was doing it and where I was going when I'd achieved that purpose.

I went home that night (I'd taken a room in middle-class suburbs) and looked at my bank book. I had \$200. I looked at the purse and two things came into my mind.

One: Good, one bad.

The good one — In another two weeks or so I'd be able to get back to Harlow; the bad one that life had become completely predictable.

The lack of wonder was what was going to happen tomorrow had gone.

I decided to be back with energy, doing nothing Randy and mostly drink Me again.

I got to wondering. Now, how many more moves of the bar one has Randy done? I'd been gone for three months, so at the average of about a page a week that'd be 18 pages.

(Continued on page 33)



9048-1

Mother, father, brother or sister."

"None." Never did like putting other people's names on forms.

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"Yes."

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"Don't touch me, he'd bite your hand off . . . just toss me the ring."

A PLACE TO GO

Going overseas—but short of cash? Here's where

ON a postcard-washed wall overlooking France's Route Nationale as it passes through the sunny little town of Orange, is etched in English the slogan — "On no account do as the man suggests!"

It couldn't be in a less effective place, for this is the road to the Riviera, still the shiest, smartest and most exciting place in the world.

The professional push-pollers have been trying for years to tell everyone that the Riviera is "hot," that it's socially dead and simply overrun with tourists, my dear.

Okay, it's got a lot of tourists. But it's the only place in the sun where you can still rub shoulders with celebrities, beauties, millionaires . . . and not have to be a sociable yourself. All you have to know is what to look.

Take Saint-Tropez, San-Tropp for short. It's the only place to go in Europe if you're young and impoverished. It was a sleepy little fishing port when it hit the headlines back in the '50s when Brigitte Bardot made the film "And God Created Woman" there. She fell in love with San Tropp, and ever then she has kept a pink villa there, called La Madrague, on the Baie des Canettes.

The eagle-eyed galspotter can sometimes add a glimpse of this rarest of all species to his collection — if he manages to dodge the Sardin dog that snarls forth from La Madrague, looking for photographers to chew.

If you don't see BB, you'll have to settle for mode-spotting on the beaches.

Secluded Pampelonne (Tahiti) Cove is used frequently as a rendezvous for international robbers — but there's nothing more boring than the sight of so much flesh basking a conference. The best idea is to pocket about Les Greniers, which is right at the foot of the Côte d'Azur.

This sandy shore is where the smart riles who want to be noticed does her disarming. They used to parade the streets in their tanned little skirts, looking for photographers, but a magistrate who declared that "The scandal of Saint-Tropez and its naked women and scandalous night life is outraging the country" legislated for a walk in the streets of the town in even a braed bikini to bring an on-the-spot fine of up to 15.

He later fined a girl \$50 for peeping about the beach at Pampelonne in her pelt — but spoiled the magisterial effect by letting her pay the fine in installments — over a whole year.

In a town where girl tourists outnumber men three to one, where the Nordic blonde mingles with the North Italian redhead and the swartie Slavonic brunette, masses of puerile set off every day along the dusty roads to the beaches, thumbing for lifts to sports cars.

Most of them are too sleep-brake to take the bus, for cash doesn't count in San-Tropp. Landladies cheerfully let five couples share one small apartment — so even if it costs \$200 a month, the cost per day is only 70c.

Under an old tiled roof in the Quai

One sees each night in Saint-Tropez? Indeed. This girl came on a holiday from London — and got a part in a film, too.

They take their guitars into the water to serenade the girls of Saint-Tropez, full of glances but cheap for hobblers.



TROPPO

to get value for money!

tier de la Pêche, four people have been known to share a single bed by an arrangement whereby two of them sleep for four hours, and swap over for the next four.

However, if money's not your problem, time your visit to the Riviera to coincide with a Cannes Film Festival. This is the loookiest time of the year on the glamour coast.

With hordes of famous names present, all a starlet can do to make her presence felt is be an exhibitor on a grand scale. The eager sight-seeker might be lucky enough to hit a vintage festival, such as the one where starlet Elaine Hogarth started the ball rolling when she dipped out of her box and peddled into a tiled outdoor fish pond.

A gun-visioned security man plain and after her, trapped and fell face first into the knee-deep water as the giggling Elaine dodged away. But in pursuance of his duties, he nabbed the squealing starlet and plucked her from the pool.

The party got tougher as the Festival ran warm on Riviera's journalist Carlo Beuchard wrote, "That such un-

restrained behavior should be publicly flaunted is alarming. Ignorance of convention adds to the glamour of the film colony — but flagrant violation leads to disgrace."

Parties run round the clock, heavy blondes went all out to get more than a glimpse from the celebrities, and the hapidismo bellboys in the big hotels



Here's something again. The bare top look — with an old-fashioned touch of grandmother's bloomers. Such tasteful art evidence to the area.



World-famous figures roam Saint Tropez. Recognize her? Of course — it's Brigitte Bardot, who has a villa there.

Left: Starlets from all over — this is Italian-born Stefania Sandrelli — give a tick apod to the Mediterranean coast.



There's plenty of excuse for a man on the loose

A PLACE TO GO TROPPÖ continued

had a real ball.

The women of the Riviera have always been renowned. When the coast first became popular at the turn of the century, its girls were known as coquettes, and they carried around with only the best perfume.

When the Duke of Marlborough took his young bride to her first dinner-party at the Hotel de Paris, she spoiled a number of her husband's friends during separate tables with startlingly beautiful women. She immediately asked who they were, and was startled when the embarrassed Duke told her she must not even look at them. He complicated the matter by adding that she must not look at the men, either, even if she knew them well, for they were in the company of their ladies only.

The coquettes were in most cases real beauties, many were exceptionally clever and witty — but none was acceptable in the formal world of society.

There are scores of stories about these beauties of the Victorian and Edwardian eras. One of the most famous is the tale about the raven-haired coquette called La Belle Dîne who came to the casinos one night covered with jewels.

The following night, Liane de Pougy, her rival, appeared in a simple white gown without a jewel — leading on a chain a poodle in a pen-studded coat.

Not every pretty girl on the Riviera has had to earn her living as a coquette. In Edwardian times many were employed as muscets by gamblers making frames by the millions at the fabulous gaming rooms and casinos.

The muscets were paid 25 percent of their "master's" winnings . . . and one beauty from Alsace is reported to have earned \$7000 in a single week.

Gambling is one of the great dramas on the golden coast, and it hasn't fallen away any since the days of the Edwardian dances. It's not long since

the world's richest and most exclusive bridge school broke up after a two-month session. These amazing games were held in the permanent suite in the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo (the self-named hotel where the Duchess and the coquettes) belonging to Greek ship-owner Nicolas Nicolaou.

The 56-year-old boss of a fleet of tankers insists on playing bridge with champagne to improve his game, no matter what the cost. And the cost is formidable.

Stakes in his private games are \$100 per hundred points. In London's leading bridge club they are rarely higher than \$2.

In his search for experience, Mr. Nicolaou invariably loses as much as \$32,000 in a fortnight. Naturally — for he picks only the top players as his guests, such as former world champion Boris Schapiro who once hired a model to pose in the nude to test the concentration of his partner the avier even noticed the girl.

Men as rich as Nicolaou are commonplace in Monte Carlo, their yachts simply cluster the harbor of this jewel in a crown of a coast.

And if you can hire a white tuxedo and avoid the armed security men, you can mingle with the millionaires at the biggest, lushest and most important gain of the Riviera season.

This is the Red Cross Gala, organized by Princess Grace and amply supported by the cream of the Riviera.

Everyone who is anyone attends. The women are there in all their beauty (including quite a number of post-war-day coquettes, because society isn't quite so particular nowadays) and in all their luscious . . . tanned by the sun, wearing magnificent creations from the houses of Dior, Givenchy, Balenciaga and Balmain, glittering with jewellery that runs in value to near the million mark.

The men, mainly in white dinner

jackets, mostly smoking cigars, all look as though the \$20 a head they are paying for their places at the gala means nothing to them, or at least as little as the extra money they'll be paying for wine at \$10 a bottle — or losing later at the tables.

The gala reaches its climax in the early hours of the morning under the starlit Mediterranean sky, with cabaret floor shows by artists of the calibre of Sammy Davis Jr.

One of the most fabulous Monte-Carloers (not counting Aristotle Onassis, who all but owns the place) was Lady Neeah Docker, who once sold lampshades in a Birmingham department store. At 20 she married a director of a chain of wine and spirit shops. He died and left her \$400,000. Then she married Cecil de la Rue, Sir William Collins, aged 69. He died when he was 70 and left Neeah around \$3 millions.

On her yacht, Sheraton, she inevitably kept \$400,000 worth of dresses, apart from fur and jewels; gallons of pink champagne and enough caviar to feed the Russian army.

At one time she got herself officially banned from the whole principality of Monte Carlo, for behavior to the flag of the tiny monarchy, said to be the tiny monarch himself. The ban has since been lifted.

Others on the Riviera roundabout — Marlene Dietrich; the Marchioness of Illandford (a former Mrs. Onassis); Princess Lee Radziwill, ex-wife of a Polish prince and sister of Jackie Kennedy, stars galore, like Jayne Mansfield whose sinuous figure in a stretch dress has made many a Frenchman mutter "C'est magnifique." Liz Taylor — an avid sunbather seeker; and all the class Neuchâtes, Lévassors, Nicolaous, and Onassises.

The list goes on and on . . . there's only one thing to do, come and see for yourself.



The place is famous for offbeat stunts. Only hairstyles were traditional at the wedding of Dominique Desgoutz and Robert Pinell. The guests were mainly custom.

Everywhere there's a pretty girl, the photographers are sure to gather to make certain of capturing the best scenery.



"Well, you could say I was made for the part but let's keep it a secret, huh?"

BODY IN THE BAY



The closest to him say the Australian hero was murdered but there are still elements that may never be cleared up.

THE body floated face down off Xilocastron Beach, bobbing gently in the light-green water of Corinth Bay.

The tourist season was over and only a few cars were parked in front of the Kerna Hotel as Andreas Vlachos and his younger brother, Stavro, pushed their home-made boat down the moist sand, rigged up a crude sail and cast sieve-like baskets for prawns and potato-like mussels known as *holostrophus*.

Stavro first sighted the body about 500 yards off the beach and fished it out with his boat hook.

Andreas reared under the seat, uncorked a bottle of ouzo with his teeth and gulped the fiery liquor before handing over the drink to his brother.

Finding a dead man so early in the morning was surely an ill omen and spelled trouble all around.

A veteran of the Second World War, Andreas Vlachos had seen men killed by bombs, knives and bullets, torn apart by explosions or hanged for war crimes. But he had never seen the blunt edge of a six-inch steel spike protruding from a man's neck just under the left ear.

The boat headed back for the beach, while the fishermen crossed themselves and muttered imprecations against evil spirits.

The dead man wore khaki slacks, rope-soled sandals, a bloodstained white shirt and a black leather belt with an ornate gold buckle. An expensive gold watch was on the left wrist.

Inspector Vassili Papageorgiou, acting chief of police at Xilocastron, arrived on the hard-packed beach in front of the Kerna Hotel to question the fishermen and take the body to the local morgue.

A tool-leather wallet containing some \$500 in Greek drachmas and British pounds was in the pocket of the dead man's slacks. No other documents or identifying clues were found.

On September 30, 1965, a two-paragraph item appeared on the back page of *Kathimerini Daily*, Athens' biggest newspaper. Hemmed in between the crossword puzzles and classified ads, it said the police believed the body found off Xilocastron to be that of Mr Harry Howard, a wealthy Australian shipowner and a long-time resident of Corfu, who had been missing from home for the past three weeks.

Mrs Lois Howard, the Australian's beautiful Greek wife, was flown to Athens to identify the body.

I was in Athens at that time to cover the street riots and violent demonstrations which accompanied the Greek government crisis, and the Howard story interested me for many reasons — all of them connected with the Corfu gold hoard, a \$15,000,000 treasure dumped by the Nazis in the deepwater channel between Greece and Albania in September, 1944.



The spokesman at National Police Headquarters refused to discuss the case, on the ground that premature disclosures might be prejudicial to investigation by authorities. Officials of the Special Security Section at Academias Street were more helpful, leaking me a few hard facts of the record.

I took the next plane to Crete, landing at Heraklion airfield in the early afternoon hours of October 1, 1943. There I met Mrs Howard, his business associates and people whose lives he had saved during the war. All direct quotes are made with their permission but I respect the request of those who prefer to remain anonymous.

This is the story of Harry Howard's four lives.

All day long, Nazi Luftwaffe planes had dived to machinegun and bomb the Greek and British ships off Suda Bay in Crete. The before attack batteries on the beach and the heavier 37-inch guns deployed along the jagged ridge lining the bay's southern rim kept up an incessant barrage of fire, but could not cope with the swarms of dive-bombers, fighters and high-level bombers of Hitler's powerful Air Force.

The few Spitfires and Hurricanes the Royal Air Force had on the island of Crete in those hectic days were swept out of the sky by an armada of Messerschmitts, flown by the cream of the Luftwaffe. Then the Stuka dive-bombers came over in V-shaped 27-plane formations, to circle at 3000 feet, and peel off one by one, diving with screaming sirens and open flaps at the burning ships in the bay.

The Greek stevedores who had survived the destructive fury of initial attacks fled in all directions. Tugboats, cranes and harbor installations were wrecked past all repair and costly equipment destined for the island's defense went up in flames while the bay was clogged with ships waiting to be unloaded.

An Australian officer, Major A. G. Torr, then offered to set up a suicide brigade of 800 daredevil volunteers, mostly Australians, who formed human chains from ships to beaches and unloaded drums of fuel, boxes of ammunition and crates of supplies by hand, to be rushed by waiting trucks to the infantry battalions and artillery regiments deployed in defensive positions.

Harry Howard's second life began against this dramatic background so vividly remembered by veterans of the Second World War.

His first life was that of a young Australian who was born in Victoria.

After finishing school and trying to sell insurance, he volunteered for the army and sailed for the Middle East with the 2nd Australian Field Regiment, arriving in time for the Battle of Greece.

Taking time off from hauling goods ashore during a raid on Crete, Howard insured a gun on a neutral vessel ship — and brought down a German warplane.



Howard's commandeered steamer was found abandoned in Foina Bay by the Greek conquerors. The four crewmen had been given lifeboats drops and then blindfolded.

Mrs. Lela Howard and her son, Nick. Mrs. Howard told Leo Herman her husband had been murdered, presumably because of his knowledge of a \$15-million hoard of gold the Nazis looted.



All the fascinating intrigue of the Middle East is in this factual account of a Victorian who returned to Greece with knowledge of the position of \$15-million in war-loot gold.

(Continued on page 74)



"Yeah—r—I mean, NO, No—er—
I mean, Yes, No! Not you, you."

It's easy to become a Witch Doctor
 In an African tribe—if you can
 brew liquor, scare crocodiles away
 and prove popular with the women

Monsieur Bwana Nganga

By HENRI GIRARD

THE Crob of drums pulsed through the velvet softness of a hazy tropical night. I was alone in the mud and waste but on the banks of the narrow, sluggish river — and playing a strange role for a white man. I was a Bwana Nganga — a witch doctor.

I was not just having a dream. It was for real. And it could happen to any white man prepared to associate with the African natives. The tribe was the Xosumba tribe of eastern Ghana, and I was supposed to bring to it the material aspects of white man's civilization, which to the members meant bicycles, bottled beer, transistor radios and umbrellas.

Umbrellas were the main status symbol. Chief Zumbatu, the head man of the Xosumba, boasted 144 of them, of different sizes and colors, ranging from those commonly used by bookmakers through to ones favored by ladies at English tea-parties.

Civilization was near. All I had to do was to push a button on my radio set, or take a canoe down the river to the nearest bus station 82 miles away — but I was making a lot of money from the tribe. And, if I did appear in one of the big towns of Ghana, the police would be most likely to arrest me — and I had no desire to be put to cleaning lavatories in some filthy Ghanaian jail.

For the hundred thousandth time I asked myself what in the hell I, a French merchant marine officer, was doing living in this mud hut and associating with these semi-civilized savages.

It all began in April 1961, when I answered an advertisement in the *Journal du Commerce* calling for experienced instructors for the Ghana naval college in Takoradi, West Africa. The pay they offered was about twice my current salary as fuel officer of an old Liberty-type vessel registered in Panama, owned by a Greek resident of Monaco and navigated by a seamy crew of refugee Arabs, Latvians, Greeks and Italians.

The captain was drunk most of the time, so I had to carry the responsibility of keeping the ship running and in order. I suspected that the ship was over-manned, and no seaman has to be told what that means. The seaman it was wrecked, the happier its owner would be. So I was on the look out for another job and the advertisement led me to leaving the ship in Dakar and making my way south to Ghana.

My papers were in order. I was a qualified first mate with six years of experience, which entitled me to command merchant ships up to 10,000 tons deadweight. I made a favorable impression on Mr. Krabe Kesse, who was then Minister for Transport

Just to get away from boredom,
 I went with my ex-student to set
 up a native still — and back to
 a world of the past.





"Where is your 'get up and go', I kept asking him, where is your 'get up and go'? Yesterday he got up and went."

in President Kwame Nkrumah's Government.

Mr Edjee's wife, Mary, became the central figure in a world-wide scandal which erupted a year later when the news came out that she had bought herself a diamond-studded, solid gold bed for \$172,000. It was pointed out that it would have taken her husband about 90 years to save that sum out of his official salary and the criticism became such that President Nkrumah relieved his Transport Minister of his position.

I did not know it at the time, but the gold bed scandal had a direct bearing on my subsequent fate. Having vented his anger on Kyebe Edjee, President Nkrumah decided to reorganise the entire Transport Ministry. He invited Soviet Bloc experts to take over. They agreed and also offered to run the Naval College as well, without payment, and train twice as many cadets as did the Western instructors.

What really clinched the deal was the fact that President Nkrumah had to pay his Western instructors salaries, overtime, food and housing allowances and special holiday bonuses. The Russians, however, not only agreed to provide instruction without charge but also hand over expensive equipment, books and uniforms as presents from Moscow.

I did not worry about the political angles — it was obvious they were also out to indoctrinate the unopinionated naval cadets with communist ideology — but I did about what would happen to me. I was not surprised when on May 23, 1961 — exactly two years after my arrival in Takoradi — I was informed that my services were no longer required.

The Ministry gave me three months' salary in lieu of severance pay and an airline ticket to Paris. Together with the money I had saved while working as a naval instructor, I had about \$8000 in cash — more than I had ever had at one time in my life.

But I knew that it would not last long once I hit the French capital and

started living again. Most of it would disappear on drinks, women and horses — and what then? Again I would have to go looking for a first mate's posting aboard some freighter, hoping that eventually a skipper's job would turn up.

If I wasn't keen on the sea, why then did I take it up as a profession? The reason is that I was offered a scholarship at the Cherbourg Maritime Academy and would have been foolish to turn it down. Also I was married to a quiet, obedient, modest, patient and good-looking girl.

Or so I thought. When in 1958 I left her for my first voyage, it lasted much longer than had been anticipated. I won my wife from Mexico that I was being recruited to Japan and would be away for another six months. But, while in Bilbao, another ship of the same line became short of officers, I

was transferred to it and arrived back in France within two weeks.

It was the same old story of a sailor coming home and finding his wife in bed with another person. Maybe we French are accustomed about such things — or so the world thinks — but I am not. I was just the aloof who brought the moral ticket to be punched by a scheming little bitch.

I really lost my temper. I tossed both of them out of the window, and I did not even bother to work out if they were decently dressed or not. Luckily, there was lawn one floor below and they were not injured — but they had to run around to find a place to hide.

The neighbours rang the police who came in a closed van, picked up the two and took me six charges of assault and battery and creating a public disturbance.

The judge fined me and told me to get away from the town as soon as I could. But my ship had sailed without me and I had to sign on the old Penzance registry hub, after getting a divorce from my wife.

So here I was — divorced and disenchanted at the age of 35, without roots or a fixed place in society, first made on a borrowed old tub which was likely to sink under me.

I was drinking tepid beer in the Thames Tavern in Accra, contemplating my future, and brooding over my past. Oddly enough, I was thinking of my past term as instructor at the Ghanaian naval college when a heavy hand touched my shoulder.

It was Kunda Mabeke, one of my former students. He told me that the Russian instructors had booted him out after he had taken some copper tubing and aluminium sheets from the stores. They would have made it a police case, but wanted to avoid being involved in domestic litigation.

Kunda was a lean, friendly-looking youth. I asked him why on earth he had stolen the copper and aluminium. He bent down and whispered that his father, a grocer in Gambeska village, on the Red Volta river in north-eastern Ghana, wanted him to build a still for making a particularly rare and potent liquor known as Gambeska.

The father had sent him to college, not to learn how to become a naval officer but to pick up enough about engineering so that they could go into



"I caught my neighbor's wife and Fornax."

the alien sports thing in a big way. Kunda admitted that he had been sent enough money to buy the material, but he had lost it all gambling. "I am no longer a student and I am afraid to go back to the village without the punga and sheeting," he said. "Can you help me?"

Why not? The old tub would be in port for at least two weeks — and I wasn't keen to go back on it, anyway. I had enough money to buy the copper tubing and aluminum needed, and it would be a bit of an adventure, making and running a still.

So on the spot I agreed to go into partnership with Kunda and build his father the fanciest liquor manufactory in Africa. I knew it was against the law and punishable by heavy fines and up to five years in prison — but I was fed up again with the ash, my broken marriage and the failure to get much out of life.

We spent the next two days buying the necessary equipment and an old Dodge truck to take us to Gomboko, across 500 miles of jungle, bush and swamps.

By August, 1963, we had the still going full blast, with the liquor pouring out and the money pouring in. We debited my initial investment off the top and split the profits three ways. But, like all good things, it could not last.

In September, the bush telegraph heared with the news that inspectors of the Alcohol Tax Unit, with a squad of tough Ashanti police, were on their way to raid our still.

We disassembled it in a hurry, hiding the equipment in the hollowed-out trunks of old trees. The boilers, coils and drums we filled with water and sank in the river. Everything could be salvaged when the heat went off, and neither Kunda nor his father were worried.

But I was. I had now overstayed my residence permit in Ghana and the cops would be very suspicious if they found me in a native village.

So that night I set out in the direction of the Togoland border, accompanied by two guides from the Xesumba tribe, who were steady customers of ours and absorbed enormous amounts of the fierce Gomboko.

But the two guides led me up their garden path, instead of taking me into Togoland, from where I could find a ship, they dropped me off at the village.

The whole population of the thick-set village lined up to greet me, and I soon knew why. The guides had let it be known in advance that they were bringing the great white magician who made alcohol out of empty old drums. They cheered, clapped and chanted as I was led along the dusty trail to the chief's house. I was their begotten boy.

Chief Zomborbu was seated on a throne of padding grass, covered by leopard skins. Two beery bodyguards held white-colored umbrellas over his head. He was drinking from a rusty beer can and listening to hot music from Radio Abidjan on his German-made portable set.

"Greetings to the great white wizard!" said the chief, holding out his hand, palm upward.

Greetings to the great chief of the Xesumba, I replied in Swahili.

He came to the point right away. "Can you build us a machine to make Gomboko?" he asked.

I shook my head. I did not want to be involved again in a business like this. It was too risky. But he granted and bent his fat form in pock-



"I wish you'd tell your friends we got married in Europe instead of saying you married abroad."

up another rusty tin. He rattled it and held it out for me to look into.

Inside were a dozen rough diamonds. I had no idea what they would be worth, but I recognized them at once as diamonds and big ones, too. Good must have shown in my eyes, for the old, fat and grizzled chief smiled.

"I am aware of their value, white brother of mine," he said. "We sell them across the border to Indians, who don't pay much. In the world, they are worth much. You can have these, and more, if you build us the drink making machine and do some other things."

"Other things?" I asked warily. "Such as what?"

The chief pointed to the narrow river, on which a number of logs floated slowly down stream. He said something to one of his bodyguards. The warrior picked up a stick the size of an onion, inserted it in a crocodile's sling, whirled it a few times around his head and he was off. But one of the logs and it turned over.

It was a crocodile, about 12 feet long.

The old man then explained that the diamonds were found in the banks of the river. But his people would not dig for them because of the putrefaction of the saurians.

They did not fear attack so much — this could be broken off — but the crocodiles were actually the evil spirits of dead juju men who became angry if they disturbed the water. And so on. I had heard a lot of such superstitions nonsense from other tribes.

These black people may be getting their independence and running their own governments but, believe me, it will be many years before they can free their minds of all these ancient mysticisms.

The chief had handed me a problem, all right. Diamonds — worth a fortune, possibly — in exchange for getting rid of the crocodiles. I had no rule — but even an employment of machine guns would not have kept the monsters away. And I also had the uneasy thought that if I walked out on him, maybe they'd feed me to the crocodiles, to appease the evil spirits or something.

I then recalled having heard of an old French hunter in Dakar talk with authority about crocodiles being extremely sensitive to underwater explosions. He had captured many of them by exploding grenades in their midst and tying them up while they were unconscious.

Trouble was I would need all the

grenades in the Ghanian army to keep the crocodiles from approaching close to the bank. It had to be done without explosives — and I then got the idea, inspired by the still, to rig up a boiler to send jets of steam under pressure down to the muddy bottom of the river. These would produce bubbles. I had to make sure as well, but maybe that was just another technical problem I could solve.

I shook Chief Zambura's hand and agreed to make anti-crocodile magic.

For the next five days, the Xosumbe tribesmen deployed in their canoes to collect old drums, broken exhaust pipes, wires, sheets of corrugated iron and any kind of junk they could lay their hands on.

We set up one of the steel barrels on a tripod over the river bank, filled it with water and built a fire beneath. Steam from the barrel escaped through a cockcrow pipe into the second drum, displaced at water level, and built up under pressure.

At 30-second intervals I released a hand-made valve and let the jet of steam escape through the exhaust pipe along the bottom. At the pipe's open end I had fastened two sheets of corrugated iron. The steam jet rattled them before sending a protected gush across the river.

I don't think the crocodiles were too scared of my device. A few even came up for a closer look, but I suspect they did not like the racket which went on around the clock and disturbed their peace. In a few hours, the stretch of river opposite the weir-

looking contraption was clear of crocs.

I told the chief better and bigger anti-crocodile machines could be built if equipment were available. He promised to send his men to buy real boilers and pipes, but there was a problem of transportation. Bag equipment did not fit into canoes and could not be manhandled along the jungle trails.

For the next three weeks, I built my boats three more anti-crocodile devices out of old barrels and exhaust pipes, and a primitive still to brew smacking Garamba which the tribesmen liked very much.

In the meanwhile they took advantage of the crocodiles' absence to dig up the barrels and pan them for rough diamonds. The rusty tin can which the chief promised to fill reposed in his hut.

I was due to leave with my hoard of diamonds after the New Moon ceremony scheduled for October 23, 1951. Two days before that, an event took place which changed my entire life and kept me in the village for another year.

After working all day on the soil, I retired to my hut at night and fell asleep on the soft straw mat. I woke up with a start. My first thought was that a panther got into the hut and was going to bite through my throat.

But then I felt the soft touch of a woman's hand. I reached out for my flashlight and flicked it on. It was one of the chief's wives.

"Take me, O Great Ngariga, O

Father of Wisdom!" she whispered.

It was a hopeless situation either way — I could see that much. If I bent her up and pushed her out, she would scream and complain that I had dragged her by force into the hut. And if the other way, she would not be able to resist bending to the chief's other wives. The enraged tribesmen would certainly take me into the river, away from the anti-crocodile devices, with my intestines wrapped around my neck.

"Wait a moment, O stupid woman!" I told her, "I am under a juju spell tonight."

When she heard the word *juju* mentioned, she uttered a shriek and fled. But to my great surprise and amazement, she nagged her husband the chief about having a child by the Great White Wizard. When he agreed, the other women demanded equal rights.

Chief Zambura had no choice but to consult the tribal sorcerer, Mantuku Gideleh. They agreed that a new generation of warriors, warriors and witch doctors was basically a sound proposition. On the other hand, they could not allow this without losing face. They decided therefore to treat the whole business as a religious ceremony on behalf of Mabitia, the spirit of life and procreation.

The women would be chosen by the tribal council according to customary rights and their standing in the community. I knew nothing of this decision.

At dawn of the day of my scheduled departure, the tribal sorcerer began a monotonous chant, and kept it up so long that I woke up and grew uneasy about the whole business. Perhaps they decided to sacrifice me rather than let me go?

The dull red ball of sun had just risen over the eastern skyline, but it was still refreshingly cool in the forest clearing where Mantuku Gideleh stood on a log, chanting and howling like mad. He was a powerfully built man of about 45, naked but for a skirt of leopard tails around his hips.

His body was painted over with diagonal red stripes and he thumped the hollowed-out log on which he stood with the butt of his magical spear. Two pretty girls stood on both sides of the log, clapping their hands and chanting their bodies.

Gideleh saw me coming. "The spirits have answered my prayers," he cried. "This is the man they send."

By that time most of the village, including children and dogs, had gathered in the clearing. I remained standing.

Gideleh pointed to one of the girls and then to me. The implication was obvious. I wanted to take a dash for it, but was not quite caught.

"The spirit of Karama, the guardian of the river, says either you are a real Bwana Ngariga or an impostor. If you are an impostor, Karama demands your death," Gideleh shouted. The girl smiled at me.

There was no way out. I was given a schedule and instructed in the *Nganga* Maluma ritual. For each ceremony I was paid a rough diamond the size of a pebble. The trouble was that there were more than 300 women in the tribe.

I was given the status of a god. The food was simple but good and the magnitude of diamonds was growing steadily.

Gideleh invited me into the secret rites of Juju (black magic) and Nganga (white magic).

(Continued on page 25)



Birth of the Bubbles

ITS been called vivacious, vital, effervescent, heady, the joy of life, the king of drinks, the greatest wine the world knows, Cham pagne, of course — bubbling, sparkling, companionable, seductive, a drink for all, any time.

Why more costly than other wines? Because it is expensive to produce. Champagne has two fermentations, the second producing the famous bubbles in the traditional wine-making process, each bottle is handled more than 300 times before it reaches the market.

Champagne is made from a top quality white wine. To this is added the "brut" liquor, which sets off the secondary fermentation in the bottle, the cork having to be clamped down.

When this is over and the gas has been absorbed into the wine, the sediment is carefully removed by a long and involved process, disgorgement. The bottle is then topped up — with perhaps a trace of sweetener added — and, after a further settling period, is ready for sale . . . to toast an engagement, a wedding, a baby, launch a ship, christen a yacht, accompany a meal, celebrate any event, or just because it's champagne.

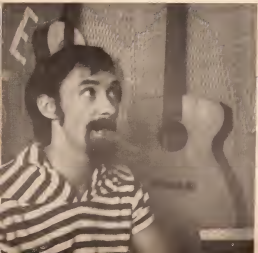




THE BEARDED ONES



A lot of young men are deciding that suburban life is throttling — so what else is offering?



A FEW years back, a man with a dark beard, long hair, bare feet in slippers and a broad-brimmed sweater doing his shopping in a Sydney suburb would have produced snickers and even the occasional snigger. Nowadays nobody cares a damn. They are a familiar sight.

But there is still a tendency to write them off as phony, doing some kind of an act, living in an unreal world. Some of them are, too — but there are a few genuine ones among them, men who have rejected that label, an individualist and breaking out of the social cocoon in the best way to enjoy life.

They are part of the wider, more tolerant Australia. They live in a world which is as remote, intellectually and philosophically from the average suburbanite's as Alton Springs is from Kew Gardens.

It is an experience to meet a real, genuine, dyed-in-the-wool nonconformist, — man who runs his own life according to what he, and not society, dictates. He gets what he is after — the true freedom of the individual — and a lot of preconceived notions about what are generally known as "hangers-on" get a kick in their metaphoric tail.

There aren't many of them around — the true ones, that is. The cities

"Religion in its organized form has always to me seemed superficial, I feel so used to be reassured that when I go, when I die, I will still remain."

"I don't believe in the affluent society's measures to make sure you don't live any more — which means you aren't miserable, you can't be hurt . . ."

A short excursion into the world where a man does what he wants to do, when and how — quite unconcerned by what people think.

By MARTIN LORAN

have more than their share of barns, free-loaders and anti-everythings who try to hop on the intellectual bandwagon, but now and again one runs up against the solid article.

Jan de Zwaan, presently of Sydney, is one of that minority. He's picked what he is convinced is the right way to live and is doing it. The mode of life fits him like a wet suit.

He does what he wants to do, goes when and where he wants to go, and believes completely in one creed — the right of the individual to complete liberty of action. He's not anti-social but just wants to live his own life without other people telling him how it should be lived.

He is an educated man, a poet, a musician, a traveler and an adventurer and the world he lives in is his own world, not somebody else's. He is, as much as any person can be, absolutely free to follow a personal whim.

And this, he says, helps him become the complete man.

As Australia becomes more sophisticated it is going to harbor a lot more men with Jan de Zwaan's philosophy of life, so we may as well understand what it is. So far, most people look at them in the street, wonder what in the hell it is all about, and shrug off the challenge.

First, he has freedom — genuine freedom. He may, to contest this personal liberty, up sail on his sail of it, catch and point for any country which takes his fancy and will allow his mode of individualism. Or he may stay in Australia and take his Mother's day in linguistics; or become a top folk singer . . . or just continue with the sort of existence he likes best.

The right to be able to do what he wants to do fits de Zwaan from the ranks of the phantasies. The urge comes from gratifying his own pleasure and understanding better the world and himself. To him, enjoying life is an art.

A lot of young men argue this philosophy over a bottle of wine or jug of coffee in somebody's pad — and that is as far as they can get. Jan de Zwaan makes it work.

To find out how, I recently spent some time with him — sailing, eating and talking. It went a long way toward explaining what freedom can mean to one man.

Sensual enjoyment — the experience of physical pleasure — plays a large part in his day to day philosophy. His view is that to be a human animal is to desire pleasure and to deny it is to deny oneself. Over-indulgence, however, becomes satiation, which therefore ceases to be intelligent sensuality. Gluttony is no more sensible than self-imposed starvation because one person may think it is sinful to enjoy



Melting guitars. "Music is an intense emotional experience . . . pure technique is a shell, empty inside."

Jan de Zwaan at the tiller of his 32 ft yacht — one of his passports to absolute personal freedom. He lives life as he pleases, ignoring outside influences.



food other than as body fuel.

de Zwaan says he has the same attitude toward all pleasures, including sex. "You must experience it to be alive, but you must keep it within limits," he says. "Enjoyment is the prime source of life because the difference between myself and a stone is that I can enjoy it and a stone can not."

In the best traditions, de Zwaan is against interference in any form. He hates anyone setting up a system of values and arguing that, as it works for certain people, it must work for everyone and everything. He calls this "playing God."

"The Germans had it with Nodern and I see every clear man and creed trying to do the same thing. I don't mind their views. What I dislike is their intention to make sure that everybody else has the same ones. I'm not trying to press my views on anybody and I hate the person who has the

temerity and arrogance to think that he has all the answers. This is a sin, if there is a sin."

With a dark beard over a face that resembles that of a 17th century musketeer, Jan de Zwaan looks the part of the modern rebel against society, the free-thinker and free-deer. He also has a vehicle to express this freedom — a 32 ft Bernardini-rigged ketch named *Neuric*. It gives him a sense of control over his future movements and excites to go where he pleases—maybe across the Pacific, perhaps to Japan, perhaps on to Europe. With the yacht moored in Rushcutter Bay, he knows that he can never literally be tied down.

de Zwaan is an expert yachtsman, which he regards as one route to being the complete man in his personal philosophy. In his search for this he only takes on tasks which give him

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(Continued on page 50)

Not much ability, but bags of ego—enough to believe this beautiful woman loved him for his brilliant self

FACE IT: LAST

By CARL RUHEN

ALL right, I might look a bit shabby—by a hole in my shirt, cuffs frayed, shirt not as clean as it should be. But hell, let's face it, there's just about enough each week to pay the rent, buy a little food, cigarettes, an occasional beer or two.

I didn't mind living on the dole, as a temporary sort of an arrangement, only for so long as I was out of work, and Charlie Verity kept saying that he was trying to find something up the me. Honest truth, Gil, there's some thing brewing, just hang on for a week or two, to be certain!

You see, I'm a genius, Prince of the footlights, watch out! Strands here I come, Gilbert Poley, that's me. Only I was out of a job.

Gilbert Poley, the actor. There I am as all my five-minute railway, good looks, a deep resonant voice and all the pretences in the world. Add a little cheek, wit well, and what have you got? You've got yourself the good man's Orlene, that's what you've got, so far, I had only managed to land her pants in one or two mate television productions.

Late that weary-looking crime series produced in Melbourne a year or so ago "Family Crime Theatre" I had a splendid part in that one week. The second hundred from the right is the big beating up scene. It only lasted for about 30 seconds but I did everything I had to do it, everything, especially my eyes managed to reach slices of steel, her pulled down over my forehead, mouth twisted until it was hardly there at all. Oh, if I say so myself, it really looked the part.

I remember, I said to myself at the time, "Now here is a performance, small enough as it is, that will make people sit up and take notice." They didn't. Even Charlie Verity, my agent, seemed to lose interest. For some time afterwards when I went to see him, he would just stare at me and stare and stare at me and stare.

So, there, I was, back in Sydney, out in the cold, just me and my weekly unemployment cheque waiting down

the boulevard, waiting for another chance to show my worth.

"Drink up, I'll buy you another."

From the way he had been staring at me across the corner of the bar counter for the past half-hour or so, I thought the fellow may have been some kind of fruit or something, though he was rather big and muscular about the shoulders. Like a stone footballer player. But during the course of my 20 years, I've learnt you just can't be sure of anything these days. Particularly in a place like Kings Cross, where I now was, dropped across the damp corner in the "Beau Bar" missing the last few mouthfuls of my beer.

Thanks, but I . . . "I was going to tell him that I couldn't afford to buy him a drink in return, that I was down to my last 20 cents."

"It's all right," he grinned. "On me. It's my birthday."

"That's terrible!"

He flung a handful of coins on the counter. "What's terrible?"



believed his birthday story. Ginger smiled, and with good teeth. "Say," he beamed as though he had just had a brainwave. "Say, why don't you come along with me tonight? To the party!"

To the party? He grabbed my arm so firmly that some beer slopped over the side of my glass. "There was a certain urgency in his voice, a command at least. 'Come on, it's my birthday.'"

I thought about it. The electric clock showed it was nearly ten, a few minutes before closing time. A party. Well, there wasn't much else on the cards. I had no place for tomorrow being causing my cheque.

I shrugged. "Okay. Why not?" At my birthday I'll do that much for you."



Ginger laughed again and barged me on the shoulder. "Pile. Pile. You'll enjoy yourself, you'll see. Plenty of girls!" He sounded as though he was greatly relieved about something. "The same's thing, Stan. Thing. Stan."

"Oh yeah," I shook a hand that was clumsy and soft and which had little clumps of sugar hair sprouting up between the fingers.

The flat was on the fifth floor of a new block down near Rushcutters Bay. It was a long way from the bar, but the door opened. The noise rushed out and washed over us, the noise and the smell of beer, the cigarette smoke and the smell of drink, so terrible it was that I could almost feel it pushing me back across the width of the narrow hallway. We moved inside.

It took me some time to get used to the semi-darkness inside the flat and he able to sort things out in the gloom. There were so many people in there, most of them already half-stopped, stretching and reeling all over the place, many people, it seemed, than the size of the flat could comfortably bear. They pressed up against the walls, spilled out through doorways and jammed up against tables, chairs, anything that happened to be in the way. All of them were drinking and talking of the same tone, not listening to what anyone else had to say.



"Gin changed me to the middle of the Liverpool." "Stay here, Gil!" he shouted to make his voice heard above the din. "I'll fetch us something to drink."

Now me, a young girl no more than 18 with a very pale face and hair of straight, long black hair, was standing on her own, suffering away to no one in particular. She was wearing black stockings and dark gloves. Against the wall on my right side, a guy had his teeth bared in a big hostile warning neck like was laughing, then, pushing him away, she slipped back a pace and disappeared her feet into his face. His glass fell to the floor and smashed into a dozen pieces.

"Gin came back with the drinks 'Some crowd in here' as he remarked, making a vague searching gesture with his glass."

"Yeah."



"Good crowd!" Yeah. All the small talk in the world."

Someone turned up the volume of a recordplayer and the Beatles thrashed out, pushing forcibly through the smoke and meaningless conversation. A little man wandered drowsily past, his head jumbled all over the place. It was hot in there and I wanted to take off my jacket. I took my drink. Gin with just a dash of bitter lemon.

A strong drink. Gin as a drunk did

things for me, brought in the surface all that was fine and sentimental.



There were all types at that party. There were men in suits, in tweed suits, khaki or military, women in slacks and summer frocks. All types. Business types to suit and out boys. It was as though someone had burst out the window with a giant net and indiscriminately scooped them all up from the crowded streets below.

I topped my drink and looked around for someone to talk to. Then I saw her.

There are moments, I always think, that are so memorable, brilliant glimpses lasting flashes in time, as vivid they are imprinted on the memory for ever. That was one of those moments, the very first time I clapped eyes on Lorraine Blake.

She was beautiful and even now as I say it, after all that has happened, I realize I am making one hell of an understatement. Her face was an almost perfect oval, her lips full and sensual, promising everything she had to give, and her eyes—well, her eyes were dark and wild, deep and large.

He'd been waiting for a major role to display his genius.

It came with Lisa—but it wasn't acting. It was murder.

Not much ability, but bags of ego—enough to believe this beautiful woman loved him for his brilliant self

A CELEBRITY AT LAST

By CARL RUHEN



ALL right, I might look a bit shabby — holes in my shoes, cuffs frayed, shirt not as clean as it should be. But, hell, let's face it, there's just about enough each week to pay the rent, buy a little food, cigarettes, an occasional beer or two.

I didn't mind living on the dole, as a temporary sort of an arrangement, only for as long as I was out of work and Charlie Verity kept saying that he was trying to line something up for me — "Honest? Sure, Gil, there's some thing brewing, just hang on for a week or two, be patient."

You see, I'm a genius. Prince of the footlights, watch-out. Bruno-hair-I come, Gilbert Poley, that's me. Only I was out of a job.

Gilbert Poley, the actor. There I am in all my five-foot-nine majesty, good looks, a deep resonant voice and all the presence in the world. And a little class, mix well, and what have you got? You've got yourself the poor man's Olivier, that's what you've got. But, so far, I had only managed to land bit parts in one or two minor television productions.

Like that weekly hour-long crime series produced in Melbourne a year or so ago: "Family Crime Theatre." I had a splendid part in that one week. The second hoodlum from the right in the big beating-up scene. It only lasted for about 30 seconds but I put everything I had into it, everything, unrelentingly-poor eyes narrowed to mere slivers of steel, hair pulled down over my forehead, mouth twisted until it was hardly there at all. Oh, if I say so myself, I really looked the part.

I remember I told to myself at the time, "Now here is a performance, small enough as it is, that will make people sit up and take notice." They didn't. Even Charlie Verity, my agent, seemed to lose interest. For some time afterwards when I went to see him he would yawn, shrug his shoulders and give me the old shrug.

So, there I was, back in Sydney, out in the cold, just me and my weekly unemployment cheque waiting down

the boulevards, waiting for another chance to show my worth.

"Drunk up, I'll buy you another." From the way he had been staring at me across the corner of the bar counter for the past half-hour or so, I thought the fellow may have been some kind of fool or something, though he was rather big and muscular about the shoulders, like a one-time football player. But during the course of my 27 years, I've learnt you just can't be sure of anything these days. Particularly in a place like Kings Cross, where I now was, dropped across the damp counter in the "Banks Bar" missing the last few mouthfuls of my beer.

"Thanks, but I . . ." I was going to tell him that I couldn't afford to buy him a drink in return, that I was down to my last 30 cents.

"It's all right," he grinned. "On me. It's my birthday."

"That's terrible."

He flung a handful of coins on the counter. "What's terrible?" "It's your birthday and you're drinking on your own."

As I said, he was a big man, big and ginger. His face was full and, in another few years, would be jowly. He was about 35 with an easy assurance that indicated he was accustomed to dealing with people. I thought he might have been a salesman at some point. He had that look about him, particularly when he laughed: the smile never reached his eyes.

"I'm off to a party later on this evening. Just get a few under my belt before I go," he said.

He handed me a beer. I drank carelessly, watching the man over the rim of my glass, wondering what his game was.

He finished his beer in three gulps, and threw some money on the counter. "Come on, you're not drinking fast enough," he laughed. He had a deep pleasant-sounding laugh. It seemed he laughed quite a lot, yet his eyes always remained pale and cold. I was as nervous as hell. I don't think I ever

believed his birthday story.

Ginger smiled. He had good teeth. "Say," he beamed as though he had just had a brainstorm. "Say, why don't you come along with me tonight? To the party." He grabbed my arm so firmly that some hair dropped over the side of my glass. There was a certain urgency in his voice, a command almost. "Come on, it's my birthday."

I thought about it. The electric clock showed it was nearly ten, a few minutes before closing time. A party. Well, there wasn't much else on the cards. I had no plans for tomorrow beyond cashing my cheque.

I shrugged. "Okay. Why not? If it's your birthday I'll do that much for you."

Ginger laughed again and banged me on the shoulder. "Fine. Fine. You'll enjoy yourself, you'll see. Plenty of girls." He sounded as though he was greatly relieved about something. "The name's Ding. Stan. Ding. Stan."

"Gil Poley." I shook a hand that was clammy and soft and which had little clumps of silver hair sprouting up between the fingers.

The flat was on the fifth floor of a

He'd been waiting for a major role to display his genius.



new black down near Rushcutters Bay. Liang rang the bell and the door opened. The noise rushed out and washed over us, the noise and the animal heat, the cigarette-smoke and the smell of drink, so fragrant it all was that I could almost feel it pushing me back across the width of the narrow hallway. We moved inside.

It took the same time to get used to the semi-darkness inside the flat and be able to sort things out in the gloom. There were so many people in there, most of them already half-stoned, screaming and veeling all over the place, more people, it seemed, than the size of the flat could comfortably bear. They pressed up against the walls, spilled out through doorways and jammed up against tables, chairs, anything that happened to be in the way. All of them were drinking and talking at the same time, not listening to what anyone else had to say.

Liang dumped me in the middle of the living-room. "Stay here, Gid," he shouted to make his voice heard above the din. "I'll fetch us something to drink."

Near me, a young girl no more than

18 with a very pale face and lots of straggly, lank black hair, was standing on her own, muttering away to no-one in particular. She was wearing black stockings and dark gloves. Against the wall on my other side, a guy had his teeth bared in a big blonde woman's neck. She was laughing, then, pushing him away, she stepped back a pace and slammed her fist into his face. His glass fell to the floor and smashed into a dozen pieces.

Liang came back with the drinks. "Some crowd in here," he remarked, making a vague strutting posture with his glass.

"Yeah."

"Good crowd." Yeah. All the small talk in the world.

Someone turned up the volume of a record-player and the Beatles throbbed out, pushing forcefully through the smoke and meaningless conversation. A little man wandered dreamily past, his hair ruffled all over the place. It was hot in there and I wanted to take off my jacket. I tasted my drink. Gin with just a dash of bitter-herb. A strong drink. Gin as a drink did

things for me, brought to the surface all that was fine and sentimental.

There were all types at that party. There were men in suits, in sweat-shirts, shaven or unshaven, women in slacks and summer frocks. All types. Numerous types to cut and out blows. It was as though someone had burst out the window with a giant net and indiscriminately scooped them all up from the crowded streets below.

I sipped my drink and looked around for someone to talk to. Then I saw her.

There are moments, I always think, that are so memorable, brilliant illuminating flashes in time, so vivid they are impressed on the memory for ever. That was one of those moments, the very first time I clapped eyes on Lisa-Lotte Blake.

She was beautiful and even now as I say it, after all that has happened, I realize I am making one hell of an understatement. Her face was an almost perfect oval, her lips full and sensual, promising everything she had to give, and her eyes—well, her eyes were dark and wild, deep and large.

It came with Lisa—but it wasn't acting. It was murder.

Her skin was olive, and even in the mark of that smoky room, it seemed to glow with a soft yet powerful transiency.

She was standing in a doorway that led off the main room about six feet away, talking to Hing Or, father, he was talking to her. She was wearing a simple white cotton frock with short sleeves which, on her, looked hellish expensive and, as I said, she was beautiful—without a fault the most beautiful woman I have seen in my life.

Hing kept talking to her and there were most expressions on both their faces. After a few moments Hing looked up and caught my eye. The next thing I knew, he had begun stooping forward, his hand under her elbow, across the room towards me.

"Oh, this is Lisette!" She was standing right in front of me, so cool, so assured, smelling like freshly-cut lawns in summer, the fields and banks upon basis of flowers. Ah, poetry I should have been an unsuccessful poet instead of an unsuccessful actor. I felt so stupid, so clumsy, so inferior. Lumps sprouted out of my body at all sorts of impossible angles, and it seemed, just at that moment, I was the ugliest, most awkward man there ever was.

She smiled. "That Lisa?"
"Lisa," I stammered. "Lisa."
Then we were alone, just Lisa and me. The party didn't cheat any more. Everybody, all movement and sound had been sucked out of the flat and all that was left was this beautiful stock woman with the passionate eyes and mouth, her hair brushed back into a sort of chignon, and myself. Just the two of us, the lost man and the lost woman.

She was wearing no rings on her fingers. I stared at her, wide-eyed,

forgetting the fact that I was already half-pickled. If this was love, I was in it right up to my steepsman neck.

She talked to me, her voice low and vibrant with a faint trace of accent in it. Before I knew what was what, we were saying, just the two of us, in a small little coffee place just off the Elizabeth Bay Road.

It was one of these chic little dives with subdued rose lighting, escarpment airy paintings on the wall and odd chunks of weird looking sculpture scattered about all over the place. A fellow at a red and white checked shirt hovered over our table and granted us a half-hour, turning all the words together, and I ordered two cognac wondering at the same time who was going to pay for them.

As we drank our coffee, the real Gilbert Ficky once more began to emerge—man-of-the-world, dreamboat, I'll add. Charlie Beyer too. I allowed my eyelids to droop a little.

She offered me a cigarette and I did the gentlemanly thing with the match which was about the only thing I had plenty of. I wondered vaguely what had happened to Ginger Stan. I caught a faint whiff of her perfume, delicate and elusive like one of those Chinese wall-paintings and which vanished just as quickly as it had come leaving only the smell of percolating coffee.

"You're a very attractive man," she said, gazing steadily into my eyes and laying her hand lightly on top of mine. Of course, I knew that, but it was the way she said it that sent my heart off in a frenzy, hanging its head against the confining bars of my ribs.

"Let's not go back to the party," I heard her saying when I could hear again. "We can go up to my place

and have a couple of quiet drinks. It would be nice there, no people, and we could really talk."

I breathed a silent sigh of relief when she slipped me a dollar bill under the table to pay for the coffee. "I always like to pay my way," she explained. I protested, but she waved me off, in case she changed her mind.

Her flat was on the top floor of a large block down by the water's edge in Elizabeth Bay. Two large windows dominated the main room and opened out onto a small balcony which overlooked the harbor. But that itself was very nicely finished, neither too staid nor too vulgar, just right.

She sat me down in one of the arm-chairs and brought me a drink. Can again. She sat down opposite me and crossing her legs, hunched her skirt up above her knees.

That first time with Lisa, the first time we made love, was not, I am ashamed to say, one of my major successes. I was too nervous for one thing, so much so, in fact, that I lost I made something of a fool of myself. Afterwards, of course, when we had become more accustomed to each other's bodies and we were extracting such a great pleasure from them, well that was another story altogether.

By that time I had convinced myself that Lisa and I were made for each other and that I couldn't live without her. She had to be mine; if not, she for me wouldn't be worth having.

Then, one night she told me about her husband.

It was one evening just after we had finished making love. We were both lying back, sensative cigarette. Lisa began to cry. I asked her, all serious, what was wrong. The shock hit me right in the chest, straight centre, when she told me. I wished I hadn't asked. Things had been going along so smoothly.

Peter Blake was a very rich man. Even I had heard of him handing out fistfuls of money for some charity or another and making sure his generosity was duly recorded in all the daily newspapers. He owned a chain of supermarkets that spread out from the centre of the city to the outer suburbs and he must have been at least 30 years older than Lisa. At the moment, according to the newspapers he was in America on some sort of business trip.

"I should have told you this before." Her voice was husky and I could see the reflection of her tears glimmering in the pale moonlight. "Before we became involved." She shook her head. "I wish now we hadn't become so involved, that I didn't love you the way I do."

Oh, yes, she loved me. Her voice rose and fell as she tried to push the tears back down.

"But what can we do? My husband is coming back at the end of the week and we'll be spending most of the time in the house out past Avalon Ch. GR. I honestly don't know how we can see each other again."

"Well think of something," I ventured bravely. I felt like weeping myself. It wasn't fair. Life was having another sadistic dip at me. I tried to think of what old Charlie Beyer would have done in a situation like this and then I remembered that this was for real.

She ground out her cigarette in the ashtray by her side, then sat upright. "No, Oh, you don't see," she moaned. "You don't see at all. You don't know my husband, how he feels about me. He's so much older than I am, and



"It wants us to guess which hand has the rocket ship."



"How do I know you're a rising young executive?"

men like that, when they're so much older than their wives, become so terribly possessive. It's not funny."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her, if he felt that way about her, why, in God's name, hadn't he carried her off to America with him and then I wouldn't have met her, become so hopelessly hooked. I was feeling angry and bitter.

"I was very young when he met me," she said, very carefully as if I was expected to carry the intelligence firmly, indecisively scrawled on my mind for all time. "In Berlin. We were refugees, my family, and, well, we were very poor. We had lost everything. Peter's first wife had died many years before and he was in Berlin on a business trip." A sad little smile flickered briefly across her features.

"What can we do, then?" I swung my legs over the side of the bed and sat up.

"Nothing," she said wearily. "Nothing at all. You know, if we could, we could get married tomorrow, or, if you didn't want to marry me, I would come and live with you for as long as you wanted me. I love you, Gil. But there's Peter, and he's my husband." She sighed. "I don't think he will die for many years to come. He's too healthy."

"What day is he coming back?" I asked, moving towards the door.

Suddenly my throat felt very, very dry and I wanted a glass of water. I had just had an idea.

And what an idea! A really bright idea, that one, although, the way I saw it then, it was the only workable solution. As I stumbled along the dark passageway to the kitchen, I mused it over in my mind.

If Peter Blake were to die, meet with no accident, say, Lisa would be mine, completely, 100 percent mine. She had said so, hadn't she? She had said that it was only her husband who was stood between us and if he weren't there, well, everything would be all right.

Besides — and let me hasten to add that this thought was only a secondary one — an insignificant detail — Lisa would inherit most, if not all, of Peter's estate.

"You could always run away with me," I said when I returned to the

bedroom, gazing about blindly for alternatives.

"He would never rest until he had found us. And he could, too. He has the money."

I swallowed. "Well, what if he were to die?"

"Die?" Her eyes were wide and her mouth a tight little 'o'. "Gilbert, you can't really be thinking that Peter is going to die?"

"I said 'o', Lisa. If he had an accident, if something happened, things like that do happen, you know, sometimes." I was cool now and my brain was beginning to click along with smooth death peccadillo. I think she must have guessed what I had in mind.

"Gilbert" — that was the way she pronounced my name — "Gilbert, you must not think of anything like that. It's too dangerous." She choked back a sob, gripped my shoulders and laid her head on my chest. "What if I should lose you?" she crooned. "What would happen then?"

"It's only a little risk," I tried to reassure, playing the protective role to the hilt. "And, believe me, I think it's worth it. Surely, you must think it's worth it." I stroked her long dark hair. "It's for a lifetime, my dearest, a whole lifetime."

If it had been a performance, it would have been the finest I had ever given, but it wasn't a performance, which was probably why it sounded so corny.

My mind was made up. I had to go through with it. According to Lisa, Blake was due to arrive back in Sydney from the States the following Thursday. They would probably spend the remainder of that week in their town flat before moving out to the beach house on Friday night. The weekend it would be best for me to wait until the weekend before I did anything. There would be less chance of discovery out there than in the very heart of the city.

I glanced one other rather interesting fact from Lisa. Apparently, Blake was in the habit of going for an early morning swim every day of the year. He sounded to me like one of those health nuts. I suppose that was why he was so goddamned healthy and not withering away on his bed with some fixed uncurable disease as he should have been doing. With the point was, he did go for that early morning swim, generally some time between 5.30 and 6, never later, and it wasn't very likely that there would be many people on the beach at that hour of the morning. I patted Lisa lightly on the arm and told her not to worry, everything would be all right. I was as scared as hell.

Then I thought of something else.



"Just looking for an argument, aren't you, Myrtle?"

"Listen," I said. "I don't think you should go out with him this weekend. Just go be on the safe side. Couldn't you find some excuse to remain in town on the Saturday, an appointment or something? Tell him you'll come out later. Just so long as you're not there early in the morning between five and six when he gets for his swim."

She still didn't believe I was serious. She couldn't have done. She kept shaking her head from side to side and moaning softly through her teeth as if we were still making love. "No, no, Gil, you can't do it."

"It's for us," I said finally. "Always remember that is three anyone else living in the beach-house?"

She shook her head again. "No."

Blake landed at Miami on schedule. There was a photograph of him in one of the evening papers. It showed a

young to do. I suppose I thought that waiting on the beach all night would be an end in itself—everything would develop naturally enough from there. But it wasn't until I had seen the jet-trailing minkie-spinner actually in the flesh and blood that the liver was sloshed across my face like a cold dead fish. I knew I couldn't go through with it. Another thing I certainly wasn't going into the water. It would be too odd.

Blake was wearing a pink bathrobe and sandals. I watched from behind the cover of a dune as he unstrapped his sandals, flung the robe on to the sand behind him, took a couple of deep breaths and began leaning towards the water.

I watched him frolicking about in the water like a young kid, splashing about with his legs and arms and floating on his back. He was in there

have to look and I hoped he wouldn't scream.

Blake was taking his time about shucking the robe, probably conserving his energy for the day ahead. Above him, the grey light of the morning bunched on the glass walls of the house. There was a faint smell of coffee brewing in the air and I remembered I hadn't eaten since lunchtime the day before.

My mind was made up again. I crept up the steps behind Blake, my rubber-soled shoes fortunately not making a sound. The cover was beginning to warm me and I could feel the life returning to my body. All the same, I was breathing little clouds of fog. I prayed he wouldn't turn around, see me coming up after him and give the alarm.

Then I remembered Lisa had told me there was no one else in the house. He had reached the top of the stairs and had now started up the pathway.

He must have either heard or sensed something, for he suddenly wheeled around to face me. His eyes widened and I could see annoyance ripple across them. He opened his mouth to say something. That was about as far as he got.

I kept up the remaining couple of steps with both my arms outstretched before me. He tried to step backwards, he lost his balance and began to teeter on the edge of the pathway.

As my hands came in contact with his chest, his foot slipped beneath him and over he went. He didn't make a sound and I was grateful to him for that. An accident he had slipped and lost his footing.

That was how it would look. And that was how it very nearly was.

Miss Lisa was right. Her face was there again, etched in black against the dull grey sky. Mins.

I straightened and looked up to the house. I was just beginning to wonder if Lisa and I would ever see him there after we were married, when I saw him, standing at the top of the pathway. In his right hand was a revolver pointed straight at my chest. A man in a dressing-gown that had white polka dots on a navy-blue background.

It was Lilius.

"Stan," I called up to him. "What are you doing here?" I was frightened again.

"I saw everything that happened," he grated through his clenched teeth. "The whole thing." His ginger hair was disheveled, his slightly bulging eyes were cold and hard.

"Hey Stan, don't you remember me? Gil Puky?" The other night, remember? Your birthday party?"

The barrel of the gun was like an eye, an unwinking, unblinking eye.

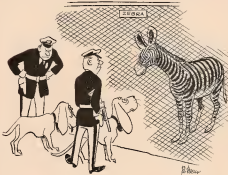
"I don't know you from Adam," he said, making a slight movement with the gun. "I've never seen you before in my life. Besides, my name is not Stan."

It wasn't either; nor was his surname Lilius.

Leslie Harrington was the name he gave to the police when they finally arrived.

He also told them he was Peter Blake's private secretary. Yes, he lived on the premises. He was just about to get dressed after putting some coffee on to boil, when he had noticed a movement through his bedroom window. At first he had thought it was just his shadow, returning from his regular early morning dip.

He had looked out the window. Seen the way this—this person had leapt upon poor Mister Blake, one of the



small man, pudgy, with a small, almost feminine mouth, small eyes and a high dome of a forehead which was crowned by a light white fuzz. So that was Peter Lynch Blake, king of the hamperpin philanthropists?

Those hours between midnight on Friday and six the following morning must have been among the coldest and longest I have ever spent. I spent them huddled up in the sandlines trying to keep out of the cold, biting wind and wishing I hadn't backed my overcoat the month before. But I kept telling myself, as I had told Lisa, that it was worth it, a few hours' discomfort in exchange for a lifetime of bliss. That was the sort of bargain the most avid shopper couldn't pick up in a thousand years.

Lisa's face kept bobbing before me; Lisa's beautiful, wonderful face, floating in the darkness above the phosphorescent spume of the waves as they rolled over and crashed down on the beach. I was still seeing Lisa's face, slowly fading against a ragged strip of grey that was widening upwards from the horizon, when I saw Peter Blake jet-trotting down the length of the beach.

It's an indication of the ease I took over planning Pete's demise that I wasn't until I saw him just then that I realized I hadn't decided what I was

for nearly 35 minutes.

I didn't know what I was going to do. Lisa's face had become steadily more and more indistinct as the sky lightened. All I could see was the stretch of beach and Blake rubbing himself vigorously with the towel.

I knew I wasn't going to kill him. To put it bluntly, I was too scared, petrified I was a coward.

Yet, for some reason or another, I followed him back to his house. I don't know why. I suppose it was some sort of numb reaction. I was feeling too cold and miserable to think properly, so I followed him like a sheep.

The house was on the tip of the headland that jutted out over the water. It was long and flat and seemed to be made entirely of glass. To reach it, he had to climb a long flight of wooden steps which ended in a steeply rising pathway. At the side of the path, the cliff dropped sharply away to the rocks and the foaming surf 50 feet below. There was no wall alongside the pathway or any protection at all. It was positively dangerous.

No wall and a 50 foot drop to the rocks below. One little push and Pete would be plummeting down like a sack of potatoes. One little push. It would be easy and quick and not messy at all as far as I was concerned. I wouldn't



"Hiya, Mum! Do you mind if I bring home a couple of friends for dinner?"

THE WET WAR

By Robert Leguand

While man explores outer space,
others are getting ready to
take over the wonderland world
of treasure below the waves

MAN is on the verge of inhaling the world's last remaining environment — the sunken continent covered by the oceans and the seas.

Plans are well advanced for underwater explorers to set up a community of human life deep below the water's surface.

And not in huge, clumsy metal devices to withstand the liquid pressure but in comparatively flimsy shelters. They will draw air to breathe from the sea itself.

This development is regarded as the greatest breakthrough yet in the desire of nations to inhabit and harvest the vast riches of the submarine land.

Many countries are aiming to this end, most of them secretly. It is known, however, that very soon a US naval team of underwater explorers will tackle the last stage of preliminary experiments in underwater colonization.

For shelter, they will depend on a thin polyethylene film of plastic, so finely meshed that it stops the water itself from entering but allows in atoms of oxygen which can be converted into breathable air. The men will use the film as a house or wear it as a porous diving suit. The sea will provide them with all they want to eat and drink — and immeasurable riches as well.

In international politics, exploitation of the sea is said to spell out the difference between a nation's being in the lead or losing out in the world of the future. Space, into which science has thrown its efforts, is sterile — but the sea holds the greatest potential for new power and wealth of any area on the world's surface.

Germany's top economist, Dr Fritz Rasse, believes that the sea will outrank in importance any future development in atomic energy. Others have said that its potential as a food producer — fish, algae and vegetable life — will save the over-populated world from starving.

But the sea can offer intrinsic wealth, as well as food. It has gold, diamonds and rare minerals — and they should be easier to exploit than those on the earth's surface.

Diamonds, for example, are under the shallow coastal waters of Southwest Africa. A Texas oil wildcat, Sam



Collins, has already proved this. Operating in non-territorial waters, and on a sea bottom no nation may legally claim, Collins used a gadget half way between a dredge and a vacuum cleaner. With this, he set about scooping up diamond-rich gravel from the sea floor. Even before it got gear, the device was producing about \$6 millions of diamonds a year. And, literally, the surface had only been scratched.

Such diamondfishing shows the vast potential of the ocean bottom — but the gems are by no means the top prizes to be found. In 1870, a British research vessel, the Challenger, scooped up some strange mineral rocks from below.

Chemists who broke them up found they represented a form of mineral "snowball" of accumulated metals: iron, copper, cobalt, nickel and manganese. Oceanographers say that these conglomerates cover the floor of the sea at great depths and make oceanic diamond mining look a poor man's sport. Their value to the modern world is unestimable.

How did these balls of treasure accumulate? Some say they may have been built up from various minerals

Humans will have almost the same freedom as fish as science



through a magnetic or electrostatic attraction. Others say there may actually be a tiny living organism in the sea which "feeds" on seawater and then builds a cocoon around itself with the indigestible minerals. Seawater, of course, contains every mineral known to man — including gold and uranium — in measurable traces.

American scientists who have examined the "snowballs" are now inclined to believe that the ocean floor — more than 22-million square miles — holds metal reserves almost beyond calculation. Estimates range from 200,000 billion tons to 1,000,000 billion tons. An American engineer named John Marc, who was on the staff of the University of California, believes that in the South Pacific, where the metallic content of the nodules is particularly high, each square mile of ocean floor could yield \$12-million in mineral wealth.

The finest of these nodules lie at 14,000 feet in the middle of the Pacific. The Soviet Union has mapped many areas of high concentration and has been "mining" some of these for seven years, beating the United States to the punch. The Americans, however, are developing huge hydraulic pumps to be used as vacuum cleaners to suck

the nodules from the ocean floor.

The ready-together balls of minerals are not the only source of minerals the sea offers.

Theoretically, it would be possible to get any wanted minerals just by evaporating enough sea water, because traces of all elements are in every drop. Table salt is a good example of a mineral from sea water, and America's entire supply of magnesium has been provided by a single plant, using this process for the past 25 years.

Whether or not experts will one day find a way of making sea evaporation profitable for the mining of rarer metals — such as gold and uranium — is still unknown.

There are also nodules other than the "snowballs" — about a billion tons of phosphates, for fertilizer, off the Southern California coast alone, for example.

And ground that was submerged by glacial melt millions of years ago offers plenty of opportunity for gold prospecting under the sea.

One day, not far in the future — perhaps no more than five or ten years off, according to some estimates — seawater mining will be taken out of human hands altogether.

finds new ways to overcome the problems of breathing and pressure

'Schools' of sea-going robots will collect only the first few hundred of them constructed at factories. Placed into the sea, these robots will have the capacity to reproduce themselves, and they will do so from the materials at hand — the minerals and chemicals present in sea water.

When "harvesting time" comes, the robots will simply dip themselves up on shore, brought there by an electric signal from home base.

The father of this startling scheme is one of the world's greatest mathematicians, John von Neumann. Neumann has made invaluable contributions to atomic theory and had more to do with modern high-speed computers than any other one man.

Since von Neumann's death, in 1957, his work has been taken up by American physicist Edward F. Beale, among others. The machines that reproduce their own exists in a variety of forms, one of them at New York University.

Other schemes to get at the minerals in the water have been put forward. Dr. John W. Graham, of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in America, subscribes to the theory that the bases of a mineral nodules is a one-celled organism which eats sea water and then "spits out" minerals.

If this theory is correct, Graham points out, it should be possible to actually "farm" colonies of such organisms, possibly even "train" them to return to certain areas for the harvesting of the metals.

If the nodules are formed electrochemically, a system of electrolysis should be able to extract minerals on a vast scale.

All this is unken treasure — just like the hundreds of billions lying on the bottom of the oceans — but another race is the harvesting of the enormous food potential of the watery continents.

In the late 1930s, some German ship designers tried to sell the Western nations a radical new idea for a fishing trawler. The ship would have its own processing and fish-drying factory on board, could stay out for months on end without returning to port.

The Germans met with no success. Not only did the system they had designed cost too much to allow for a profit, but it took foolish chances, probably wouldn't work.

Frustrated in the West, the German designers took their idea to the Soviet Union and the Communists liked what they saw.

They placed orders with the Henschel Shipyards in Kiel, Germany, for ten factory ships, each of about 3000 tons — steel-hulled with a crew of about 100 men, mainly there to operate the automatic processing plant.

Even before they left the first 10 would work, the Reds ordered 14 more. Since then they have continued to build up their fishing fleet with these modern vessels, adding whalers and other specialized models along the way.

The new ships proved their worth in short order. Most overseas trawlers still make trips no longer than three weeks in length — 10 days actual fishing, 10 for travelling back and forth — and they pack their catch in ice.

The German-built ships stay out for months on end, they go to fishing grounds conventional trawlers have never dreamed of visiting (such as the abundantly stocked West Coast of Africa) — 22,000 tons of sardines per hour.

The biggest of them hold 1000 tons

of fish, and they process them (including gutting and beheading and processing the waste remains) as soon as caught.

They then send the processed frozen fish back in specially equipped cargo ships while the factory ships stay where they are and keep working.

Reports the director of the Fisheries section of the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization, D. B. Finn: "The past 30 years have seen progress in fishing that surpasses the 5000 years of history it took. But the years to come will see that same progress doubled and redoubled many times."

Large fleets of floating factories will work the world's oceans for food in tropical, subtropical and arctic waters so far unexploited.

The world's armateurs are working on ways to increase the bounty of the sea. At the University of Washington a fish biologist has bred 14 lb rainbow trout, 30 lb salmon that spawn two years ahead of time, and other special breeds — "taming" the fish to come back to his laboratory ponds to breed after their maturing time in the sea.



In Italy, careful "farming" in the Gulf of Taranto leads to mussels valued at 100,000 lb of most per acre.

In England, at the Dover Maritime Laboratory, an oceanographer has taught fish to swarm up in answer to sonar impulses sent through the water.

Sonar is just one of the techniques used to "ride herd" on fish.

Others include "herds" of compressed air bubbles, which fish will not swim through; and electric fields generated in the water (fish instinctively line up between the positive and negative poles of a pulsating electric current that touches them).

The Russians are planning to "fertilize" sections of the sea (they add inlets) just as a farmer fertilizes his acreage.

An American experiment in this technique turned trout ponds worth three pounds of trout per acre to bonanzas yielding 170 lb per acre.

Plans exist to drop a nuclear reactor into the sea, to warm a section of cold water and make the climate more productive of plankton, leading to a plentiful harvest of plankton-eating fish.

The underwater world is a source of mineral and food wealth — and it could also be the most important base

for attack and defense in the event of a third war.

The US today depends for its control of the seas on the most powerful naval explosive punch in history, the nuclear-tipped Polaris. It missiles launched from beneath the surface by a submarine-powered George Washington class deep submarines.

Each carries 15 one-megaton missiles—the equivalent of 20-million tons of TNT.

The US aims for 600 Polaris missiles within a few years. This is less total punch than the 1000 land-based Minuteman missiles targeted for the same period by the Defense Department, but adds up to a more dangerous weapons system.

Knocking out a land-based missile presents an enemy with a tough job, the experts say, but he can do it.

Knocking out a mobile underwater missile platform is another matter entirely — a job no enemy can take on as planners say.

In addition, the US maintains surface ships, centring on a carrier-based aircraft force, which packs several times the punch of everything all the navies of the world could put together during WWII.

Additions planned for the next years in the force make up a fantasia of aggression between land, sea and air warfare, already blurred by the Polaris weapons system, disappears almost entirely.

The Navy's petite anti-sub weapon, the passive mine, takes off into the sky from a platform on land, from a plane, from a surface vessel or from a ship.

Subsces battles 50 or more miles, its course determined by self-contained computer systems (some no bigger than the size of a man's fist) and dives into the water in the approximate area where intelligence reports have located an enemy sub.

It sits and waits until the enemy sub makes a move, then "homes in"—using built in sonar equipment and more computers — to deliver the sub-clear knockout punch with its torpedo warhead.

In a nuclear war, speed of counterstrike takes on astonishing importance.

The US has developed sonar that detects an underwater hunter at 3000 miles, instead of just a few thousand yards.

A system of miniature, five-pound sonar buoys with transmitters that lies a single plane about 35,000 square miles of sea is just one of dozens of ways of tracking submarine activity.

The tapscout field of this research involves underwater radar that "sees" as well as "hears" the approach of enemy subs, just above surface power does water planes.

Current nuclear depth charges—the "Lulu" or the "Betty" variety — kill over an undischarged number of thousands of yards radius. If the thousand largest vessels in the US Navy came together at a single anchorage, the power in just one of these new depth charges could sink them all.

All these actual and projected developments inspire the imagination to ask what will happen in man's effort completely to conquer this last frontier. A lot has happened — and a lot more will happen.

Here is one example for four days in September, 1954, four US Navy submarines lived in the world of 2000 A.D. at 200 feet below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean, coming and going at the sea's floor as easily as fish.

(Continued on page 16)



"Thank heavens! I hate drinking alone!"



NORMAN'S
SUPER SELECT
SNAQ SALON

YE MILK

YE BUDGET

YE MORGAN

YE BUDGET

THE MOVING
FINGER HAVING
writ
MOVES ON



"No out the side door," he says,
"All the fans are out the front!"



MAN TALK

THE fashionably dressed matron was ushered into the office of the suave businessman. "I've come to ask you to donate to our fund for the rehabilitation of wayward girls," she gushed.

"I'm sorry," the man said, "but if it wasn't for me you wouldn't have a fund going."

THE polite young girl rang the weather bureau and asked, "Can you tell me what will be happening in the mountains this weekend? I'm going there on my honeymoon."

"I thought you'd know," said the weatherman.

THE male customer looked nervously around and then whispered to the salesgirl, "I want to buy a brassiere for my wife."

"Certainly, sir. What bust?"

"I — I don't know. I think it just wore out."

THE male married a chorus girl — and everything went fine until he saw in a Bond Street art gallery a full-size portrait of his wife in the nude.

"How — how could you pose for a man in that state?" he demanded.

"Are you sure, honey-bun," she cooed. "I didn't actually pose for him. He did it all from memory."

THE two advertising executives were having morning coffee when the secretary of one — a striding brute of some experience — wiggled her way past. "Margot dresses well, doesn't she?" said the first.

"Yeah," dreamily said the second exec, who was Margot's boss, "and quickly, too."

THE smart also television couple was being shown of while a pretty young temptress was doing his nails. "I'll get you on my show," the TV ruler

said, "if you come to dinner tonight with me and then drop into my apartment for some fun."

"I'm married," the girl said. "My husband wouldn't like anything like that."

"Honey to husband?" the man said. "What's your husband got that I haven't got?"

"A razor," she said. "He's shaving you."

THE goodliving man gazed sorrowfully at the painted hussy who had just stepped him in the street. "My poor woman," he said, "surely you are aware of the wages of sin?"

"Of course I am," the woman replied.

"And what are they?"

"How much have you got, huster?"

THE small boy strayed at the Easter Show and, in the lost children's room, was being looked after by an earnest young policeman. "What's your father like?" she asked.

The kid dried his eyes long enough to reply, "Beer, poker machines and women, miss."

THE new widow came into the pet shop and said she wanted to buy three items to perpetuate her dead husband's memory. "How sentimental of you," sighed the salesman. "And what would you like?"

"A bad-tempered dog to growl around the house at me, a parrot to swear all day and a toadstool to stay out at nights."

THE couple were day-dreaming in the parked car. "If I had a million dollars, know where I'd be right now?"

"Sure I do," said the girl.

"Where?"

"On our honeymoon."

A SMOKE-SCREEN, PLEASE, GIRLS!

ONCE it was so man-a-only, so successful, so distinguished to smoke a cigar — and then there was a reaction. Their smoking sort of got mixed up with the show-off, the political boss and the un-cigarish Lurkman. Back in 1920, 369 cigars were sold in the United States per adult male; but by 1930 the figure dropped to 126.

But manufacturers there whooped with joy — and put in machines to up the output — when medical reports suggested somehow that cigars were safer than cigarettes. Sales boomed in 1964 — and then plummeted as cigarettes made a comeback.

Now, in an effort to bring cigars back again, manufacturers are offering new blends, new shapes, artificial flavors, new packages, bullfin tips, filter-tips and what-have-you. What they are trying to do most is project the idea that women like men who smoke cigars — big ones, small ones or miniatures.

For woman is still the major sales catalyst. If man can be made to believe that his girlfriend likes him with a cigar, he'll buy one. In the 19th century, the cigar was a badge of male authority, so wife was game to argue with a husband who had a super masculine emerging from his whiskers. Nowadays, all it needs is enough girls to sigh, "I love men with cigars." Do it girls, just to help the maker along. He's relying on you!





"Let me put it this way . . . if you were a horse I'd shoot you!"

(Continued from page 50)

Inside a 40 ft metal cylinder, the navy's scientists had rigged up a pressurized system that exactly duplicated the weight of the sea's water at depth—six atmospheres, or 86 lb per sq in.

When the men moved from the heavily helium-charged air inside the cylinder—called Scdab 1—to the sea outside and back again, they only had to put on or take off a skin-diver's "wet suit" and an oxygen tank.

Because they lived at that same pressure, they didn't have to bother with hard top divers' pressurized suits, or with compression and decompression chambers. Instead of airtight, a simple port served as exit and entrance.

Living under these conditions, the navy men proved human beings can learn to tolerate and function under the oppressive weight of the sea's heavy pressure. They performed concentrated stretches of first-hand research for hours on end that previous depth explorers had had to hold down to expensive minutes.

By the year 2003, scientists say, these experiments and others recently completed, or on the books, will pay off richly.

Commander George Bond has prophesied true submarine cities, built on the sea floor of thin webs of aluminum constructed in geodesic domes to withstand the pressure from the sea.

Commander Bond, Italy's rocket physicist Dr. Galileo Paroli and

Russia's marine biologist Dr. G. V. Petrovitch have described floating cities, built of interlocking fleets of hovercraft, to form military bases and to provide room for the world's rapidly expanding population.

Cities on the sea's floor would start as prefabricated walls, streets, roads—perhaps whole block units—built on land and then lowered into the sea. Eventually the techniques would coast to do the building itself below the surface, with the aid of robot machinery of enormous size and power. Transportation between cities would call for magnet submarines, propelled by jet power or by chemical fuel supplied by plankton from the sea itself.

The other heating and power systems would come from nuclear reactors which would warm whole arcades of the sea, increasing organic life to attract fish.

Fish would provide such submarine cities with one kind of high-energy food, artificial foods made from sea-sustained algae would supply other kinds and would also offer enormous varieties in taste and texture—more than nature offers today.

It is estimated by science journalist C. Traubert that one small patch of sea the size of two large cities, properly "farmed," could provide enough marine foodstuffs to feed the entire human population of the world.

The number of experiments today which point toward this world of the

future present an astonishing picture. Deep-sea vehicles such as the baton-shaped Trieste, and the coming 35,000-foot depth vehicle Albatross, have opened the door to deep-sea travel.

Great Britain, France, Japan and the USSR are all working on massive underwater freighters and passenger liners.

Some go up to 100,000 tons displacement and can attain speeds up to 50 miles per hour submerged. New design breakthroughs have shown how to double that speed at depths of 3,000 feet and more.

On the drawing boards are underwater helicopters, planned for 40,000 foot depths, and robot caterpillar-treaded deep-sea tanks with remote controlled arms to permit exploration and construction on the floor of the sea's deepest valleys.

But the most amazing experiments of all center on man's living underwater as naturally as fish.

The Swiss scientist Hans Keller, fortifying his body by inhaling special gases to equalize the pressure from the sea, has already attained a depth of 800 feet in a "free dive" without a special pressure suit. Six divers normally reach less than a quarter of this depth.

Keller and the French explorer, Jacques-Yves Cousteau (who has conducted experiments similar to Scdab 1 in France) predict a day when the use of such gases will take man to depths of 3,500 feet safely.

In the laboratories of American Cynamid Corporation, researchers may have solved the problem of air supply under water once and for all. They have developed a kind of plastic which holds sea water out but allows the oxygen in the water molecules to filter through.

With this human beings could live for days, if necessary, underwater with no other air supply than the sea itself, the plastic serving both as a "space suit" and an air converter.

Man has survived in this manner without any other air supply for as long as experiments have required.

More fantastic still, men in laboratories at Fordham University (New York) have proved able to absorb air from sea water directly—without any intervening plastic—him, when the water has oxygen forced into it under high pressure.

In still other laboratories, scientists have succeeded in grafting fishlike gills to the shoulders of air-breathing animals, and the animals have shown that the gills work as well for them underwater as they do for fish.

Some underwater specialists—like Keller and Cousteau—predict that one day such an operation will be possible for man, turning him into an amphibian with alternate breathing systems to choose from depending on whether he is on land or underwater.

What is needed, say the scientists who speculate in the uses of the earth's oceans, is a full-scale scientific program equal to what we are now launching in outer space. In the early stages of such programs a lot can be done with only a little money.

By the time we soon come when it will be a question of a massive expenditure and a crash program to get and maintain the lead in the race for dominance of the seas—and the transoceanic of the world's last frontier.

A CELEBRITY AT LAST

(Continued from page 46)

first man he had ever known, and pushed him over the cliff.

The assassin was obviously a thief of some sort — just look at the poor state of his clothes and that shifty look in his eyes — who was hoping to ransack the house but hadn't reckoned on the old man having an eagle-eyed secretary. They always made a silly mistake some where along the line, didn't they, Sergeant?

The policeman turned to me. "Do you agree with that?" he asked pleasantly. "That you pushed him over the cliff?"

"Yes, but I—" I stopped. But there was more to it than just that, much more. I gulped back the rest of the words before they spilled out and incriminated me even further.

Through the window I could see the crowd gathered on the beach. There were police down there as well, and an ambulance had been backed up off the road as far as it would go without being bogged down in the sand. Somewhere below me they were trying to disentangle Peter Blake from the postscript arms of the rocks, the foaming surf and the seaweed.

Another car pulled up on the roadway outside, then Lisa came in. Ah, Lisa, my own true love. Wrong — no, Barrington — explained to the police that she had remained in town last night as she had had a hair-dressing appointment in the morning.

"Have you ever seen this man before, Mrs. Blake?" the policeman asked her, pointing to me, all hurried up on the settee with a couple of barking great brutes in uniform standing over me.

Even then, she hardly looked at me. "No, never."

"Lisa," I said softly, but I don't think she heard me. It was no use shouting now, or protesting wildly. It was all over and I think I understood now, everything.

The sergeant asked her if it would be convenient for her to come down to the station that afternoon to make a formal statement. She said yes, but



Hagglund

"A second house man? What are you, a saint?"

she felt very weak and shaky, still couldn't believe what had happened and would like to rest for a while.

Just before the door closed behind us, I glanced back. Lisa was smiling up at Barrington. He had a strange smirk on his face, a satisfied look as if something was going along strictly according to plan.

He caught my eye and wished. Then the door slammed shut. Yes, I could see it all now, the way I had been fooled.

The plan was, I supposed as the police-car swung out of the drive on to the roadway and the crowd swept forward to try and catch a glimpse of me — at last a celebrity — that

Barrington picked up a total stranger in a pub or somewhere.

Someone who looked as though he might have once been better days, but who would be easily discredited. Someone still young enough to be impressionable. Then turn him over to Lisa. Lisa must have had great confidence in her ability and I can't say I really blamed her. She should have been an actress.

She was also Barrington's mistress. The affair must have been going on for some time behind the old man's back, and they had finally hit on a way to get rid of him without involving themselves, at the same time raking in his fortune. It was a risky proposition, all right. It might not have worked.

But if I hadn't risen to the bait, they would certainly have kept trying until they found someone else.

They laughed when I told them that at the police station and said I was just being foolish and even if the story did happen to be true which it wasn't because I was too shabby-looking and didn't even look trustworthy — it still didn't alter the facts.

I had pushed Peter Blake off the cliff and Barrington had seen and apprehended me. If it was a plot hatched up between Mrs. Blake and Barrington, there was no way it could be verified. They were hardly likely to come out with it and confess, now were they? And besides, I had confessed, hadn't I? Or just as much as confessed and in front of witnesses, so that was all there was to that. The whole thing was too meticulous, all this business of intrigue.

Only the simple act of murder, me pushing the old man over the cliff, was a verifiable fact. The battered body that had been fished out of the surf was all the verification that was needed.

So here I am, waiting for the trial, yet not feeling anything, just a cold numb sensation in the pit of my stomach. You see, I don't care now what happens to me. I'm dead. Without Lisa, I'm dead.



in arcus

"Well, we've found out one thing, General, pushbutton warfare can be rough."



Mustangs are a popular car in Australia — with hard tops. In US we have convertibles with such sports features as four-speed synchro-mesh floor shift for the automatic transmission.

**A BIG,
BIG BOOM IN
CONVERTIBLES
OVERSEAS,
WHY NOT IN
AUSTRALIA?**

GOING SOFT ON TOP

By PEDR DAVIS



Ford's Fairlane come convertible in America, not here. Mustang Falcons and Holden is soft tops. Would they be popular?

Convertibles are, of course, dearer than the conventional sedans. This is the new Galazie with a wide range of engines, transmissions and other options.



The sun should be our undoing?

THE current agent on glamor and sporting performance is boosting sales of convertibles overseas. In Australia, the field is sadly neglected. Sports car and lower sales have never been so buoyant — but the convertible is just not available in any measurable number.

No one really knows the true potential of the convertible here — but if a local manufacturer took encouragement from the booming sales in the USA, he might start a real trend.

Merely a convertible would not be enough. The maker would have to offer a range of sporty options and a large dose of glamor.

The 1966 Detroit range is an example of how to attract the widest possible market. Buyers have the biggest choice of optional engines, transmissions and extras ever seen. The soft tops are made from durable plastic which in many cases will last the life of the vehicle.

The latest thing — available on all Detroit convertibles — is flexible glass. The hood can be raised or lowered with the rear window untopped — because the flexible glass cannot be easily damaged. Nor will it discolor.

The American convertibles also include such desirable items as four speed full synchromesh gearboxes, disc brakes, reclining front seats and fully automatic speed control.

Glamour is being built into the convertible in a very big way. This is one aspect which should be closely examined by Australian car makers. Basically a convertible is a full four or six seater with ample passenger and luggage room for long trips. It differs from a roadster or sports car in that the agent is on comfort and space, not sheer performance and high speed cornering. But there is no reason why a convertible should not have a large measure of eye as well as high sporting appeal.

The Mustang is an example. It is a full size convertible, yet the sporting touch is also there. Externally, there are simulated magnesium wheel covers and a really stylish profile. The engineering department includes such things as disc brakes, four speed full-synchromesh transmission, a V-8 engine and all the power aids that a man could wish for. Some of these are optional items and quite costly, but they are there for the enthusiast.

Mustang — now in third place in American sales — goes off top with new features, including a stereo-phonograph tape for 60 minutes of music.

Among a wealth of accessories is an instrument cluster that includes a tachometer and clock. A new stereo phonic tape system converts a car radio with a tape player which gives up to 60 minutes of soft music.

Two speakers are hidden in the doors but the stereo effect is so good that passengers can't tell where the sound comes from. (Some more expensive convertibles have four speaker stereo systems. They fill the entire car with music.)

Many convertible buyers like performance as well as comfort. The Mustang caters for this group with a range of engines from the six cylinder Falcon unit to a 271 BHP V-8. There is an equally wide choice of transmissions, so that the Mustang comes with as fast a pair of heels as desired. Standard equipment is generous, covering such things as four seat belts, reversing lights and four way emergency flashers.

The latter, now standard on most American cars this year, provides a "panic button". When this is pressed, all four traffic flashers start blinking at once, signaling other drivers that you are in trouble. An SOS of this sort covers emergencies such as a "flat-tire" which fails to brake failure.

The Mustang also attempts to bridge the gap between the convertible and the sports car. "GT equipment" includes dual exhausts, fog lamps, disc brakes, special handling package, wood grained steering wheel and limited slip differential.

A new idea seen on another 1966 convertible, the Thunderbird, is a highway speed control, operated by button on the steering wheel. The driver accelerates to a speed he wishes to maintain. He then presses a button and the car will hold this speed up hill and down dale. A second button allows

the driver to slow the car down to a new speed, which is then maintained. A third allows him to instantly take over manual control. Presumably, the system means that on long trips the car can cruise without the driver taking his hands off the wheel or touching the brakes or throttle.

Like most other convertibles, the Thunderbird has a power-operated hood. Its optional 345 hp engine is the most powerful in the 1966 convertible line-up.

Barthler has two convertibles and in both the power hood is standard. Other features include the new flexible glass for the rear window, a self-adjusting clutch, automatic speed control, reclining front seats (still fairly rare on convertibles) and front seat head restraints to guard against whiplash. Engines vary from a 138 hp six to a 270 hp V-8.

A most interesting development available in the 1966 Fairlane and Galaxie convertibles, is a "two and here" automatic transmission which combines the best of two worlds. A man can swap cogs to his heart's content, moving the selector lever (which is mounted like a sports gear shift) to the desired ratio. Changes done in this manner are extremely quick and require no clutch action. The woman can leave the selector lever in "Drive" and let the automatic shifting mechanism take over.

With improved technology, convertibles are fast overcoming their previous drawbacks: drain leaks, drooping, deterioration of the hood while their virtues have never been more in demand.

How long it will be before Australian industry gets into the act is a big way remains to be seen. But if enough are enthusiastic about the idea, it won't be long. #



Several enthusiasts have converted cars and late model Holdens into softtops — and they look the part.

HERE'S THE LATEST IN KNITWEAR FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MAN, TO ADD TO HIS COMFORT AND JOY WHETHER RELAXING OR AT SPORT. AND JUST LOOK AT THESE STYLES. KNITWEAR, TOO, HAS WELL AND TRULY KEPT PACE WITH FASHION!

THE BEST OF KNITWEAR ...FOR YOU



★ NEW style from an old design: heavy woolen sweater in camel brown and charcoal grey. Deep neck and sleeve vents trimmed with leather. The pattern is inspired by an old Finnish peasant motif. From the International Fashion Council's Spring-Summer, 1966 New Mood collection.

★ JAMES BOND style shirt, expertly designed and woven in two tones of oatmeal shade wool. Wide vertical stripes reflect modern trend in styling. Also note the two-button placement at waistband. This shirt won the Expert Award, made by the Australian Textile Export Council.



★ HIS slacks, in a flannel-grey, are distinctive for the bell cuffs and slanted front side pockets with a wide flap. The belt is leather, and wide. HER slacks, in beautifully tailored white knitted wool, feature a slit at the centre front of cuff. Both shirts, plain wool knit.



★ Casual outfit, set off with Crimpstone club pocket in royal blue and worn with lighter blue crew neck knitted shirt. Flapped pockets are slanted and the breast pocket is jetted. Buttons are fabric covered. To complete this neat picture: trousers in camel shade.

CLEVER USE OF RIB KNIT

—from front panel to tab-fastener



* Knitted cotton shirt — very masculine with its clever use of rib knit stitching, styling, and sturdy details, such as the leather buttons. Ribbing is worked in on a diagonal front panel and extends to tab fastening of collar and waist. From International Fashion Council New Mood collection.

HAND FASHIONED KNITWEAR

By
PORATT

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WHO DARES ASSAULT YOU

You Too Can Become A Fearless Exponent Of

CHINESE KUNG FU KARATO

... The authentic Chinese Self-Defense Art that
DISABLES INSTANTANEOUSLY ON CONTACT



LEUNG, W.

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[illegible]

LEARN QUICKLY AT HOME. THE EASIEST, FASTEST, AND MOST

EFFECTIVE SELF-DEFENCE SYSTEM OF ALL TIMES

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AGE, BODY SIZE, SEX AND SUPERIOR STRENGTH DON'T COUNT!

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YOU CAN PARALYSE A TOE IN TWO WITH JUST ONE FINGER OR

EVEN ONE TOE!

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YOU LEARN NOTHING THAT CAN OFF-BITE OFF FIGHT. COT-
MANUFACTURE NOT JUST ONE OR TWO, BUT THREE FOUR, FIVE
OR EVEN A SMALL MOB OF ARMED MODELING and is more to
be done. That's all. You can be successful and deliver with a
few of your own. You can be successful with nothing. NOTHING
CAN QUANTIFY YOU, AND YOU CAN BE WITH THE CHALLENGE
KNOWING THAT YOU ARE BEING STRONGLY PULLED THE WORK AND YOU
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TOPS IN STYLE...Comfort, Too



★ An interesting anchor motif on this white heavy wool knit jacket will appeal to the fashion-conscious sailor. Neat lapels and patch pockets with a five button fastening finish a beautiful garment. (By E. S. Perotti).



★ Superbly designed ski sweater with a different look. In steel grey with undertones of black. Well fitting, well collar and large V motif are evidence of knitters' skill. (By E. S. Perotti).



★ Beautifully designed sweater, in a pale grey, that reverses to slate blue. Button flaps are removable.



★ Club jacket in an olive green Crump knit, and noteworthy for its rib-knit effect.



★ White ski pullover, with pattern repeated across top of sleeves. Slim neckline. Traditional styling.

MONSIEUR BWANA NGANGA

(Continued from page 38)

The tribal structure in West Africa rests on a triumvirate composed of the chief, juju-man (sorcerer) and Bwana Nanga (witch doctor).

Gdelch was no fool, and he did not like building up potential competition to his own business, prestige and standing. But a juju-man is not allowed to dabble in Nanga, and vice versa.

His business was poisons, potions, curses, incantations and liaison with evil spirits.

As Bwana Nanga, I was supposed to protect the community, safeguard its life, property and powers of production, clear the jungle of evil spirits and ward off harmful influences.

Most outsiders tend to confuse the witch doctor with the sorcerer, whereas their roles are exactly the opposite of each other. The juju-man is the armed, the Bwana Nanga the protective shield.

One day, a sorcerer of the Matumba tribe showed up in our village. He arrived in a canoe with an Italian-made outboard motor.

I have captured the spirit of Karama the Great," he boasted. "I am now the chief juju-man of the river."

I could see my friend Gdelch was losing face. He pointed his Igubundu magic horn at the roaring engine and chanted fearful incantations, but the motor did not stop.

"Let me try my magic," I suggested. "Let us see who can swim faster." I undressed and jumped into the river, clutching a coil of thin wire in my right hand.

The Matumba juju-man laughed and opened up the throttle. The boat sliced through the water toward me, but I managed to evade its sharp prow, and catch the propeller's whirling blades in the sling of wire in a matter of seconds, the entire coil wound itself around the propeller, the rudder jammed and the motor caught itself to a stop.

The Matumba juju-man, angry at losing face, picked up an empty coconut shell, jumped out on the bank and came towards me just as I emerged from the water. I knew what was inside — a huge, black and hairy venomous spider, trained to attack those struck by the shell.

I stepped forward, feinted with my left hand, and kicked the coconut shell with my right foot. It sailed out of the sorcerer's hand, described a graceful arc in the air, and landed at his feet.

The shell split open with a crack, and the repulsive creature emerged to run up his owner's leg and sink its poisonous fangs in his thigh.

To this day I can hear the screams of the Matumba ju-

ju-man, and the triumphant cries of Gdelch and our tribesman. They killed the spider and extinguished the dying sorcerer. The loud yaws, liver and heart were chopped up and placed in a hollowed out antelope horn.

Gdelch then beheaded an ox and split his rival's skull, scooping up the brains with his hand.

We returned to our old way of life, until I learned in December, 1964, that Ashanti eyes, tough fighters recruited in Central Ghana, were looking for a white man who identifies the local tribesmen to rebellion, Kikiri activities and murder.

They meant me.

That night I packed all my diamonds into a rock sack, took a basket of food and crept up to the canoe I lived up on the river bank. I was waiting one of the boats, when I heard a rustle behind my back. I whirled around, a switch knife in my hand.

It was Cane, the chief's daughter and a young warrior named Tacetee. "You are leaving? O Bwana Nanga?" they whispered.

"Yes, the Great Karama told me to go north," I murmured. Tacetee smiled. "I help you cross the border to Upper Volta, O Bwana Nanga. If you help me settle with Cane in town, and open grocery store."

We sailed down the river for six hours, and then let the canoe float down stream, while making our way on foot towards a plateau at the edge of the bush. The journey lasted a week.

On January 4, 1965, we arrived at Ougadougou in Upper Volta. I took Cane and her future husband to a store and bought them European-style clothes. For myself, I bought a second-hand seabag slit the lining to insert the diamonds, and sewed it again before filling it with my possessions.

We spent the rest of the day looking for business opportunities. In the end, I paid \$500 to an old Negro for a small stand, selling soft drinks, tobacco and canned beer near the bus depot.

An Air France subsidiary, Air Afrique, was flying an old Dakota to Abidjan, from where I could take a regular Caravelle jet flight to Paris. In Abidjan, I changed my mind about flying directly to Paris. French Customs controls at Cote d'Ivoire were very strict and I had no intention of losing my diamonds. I had worked hard enough for them.

There was a Greek freighter in the harbor, loading hardwood logs for Togo. Italy I signed on as Second Mate, jumped ship in Dakar and sold the rocks for \$25,000 to a Lebanese trader. The diamonds were probably worth three times as much but I shed the feeling of holding money in my hands.

I flew from Dakar to

Zurich, deposited the money in the Bank Union Suisse, and bought a Mediterranean cruise ticket aboard the luxury liner France, world's newest and longest passenger ship. After serving for so many years as a member of the crew, I wanted to be treated at a pampered passenger.

It was aboard the ship that I met the lady who is now

going to be my wife. I have nothing to hide from her, I let her know of my affair with the African tribe.

But there are times when I miss my friend Gdelch, the peaceful forest clearing, the sluggish stream, the throbbing drums, even the cross-dresses.

Now I am tense, worried and strained. But this is the price of civilization. #

How do you rate your success potential?

Try this simple quiz and see how much you know about the fundamental problems of success!

1 You are unexpectedly asked to conduct a Board or Club meeting. Do you know exactly how to start it, deal with motions, adjourn a debate? Yes ☐ No ☐

2 You are dining out with an important client, or a new girl. Do you know exactly how to interpret a foreign menu, eat asparagus, when and how much to eat? Yes ☐ No ☐

3 You are offered a new job. Do you know exactly all the factors that tell you when to change jobs, when not to, what questions to ask, how to ease "interview nerves"? Yes ☐ No ☐

4 Be it a flat or a house, do you know exactly how to go about buying it, whether it's a good investment, what are the advantages of joint ownership, how to arrange finance? Yes ☐ No ☐

HOW DID YOU RATE? If you answered "Yes" to all questions, you live it in you to go right to the top, preceded you keep up with current ideas. "No" is one of more questions, and you could certainly use expert advice to gain that all-round knowledge needed to succeed.

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The fifty dollars an hour girl



A blue-eyed doll from Sweden hits the Big time in the States

WHEN you get down to it, a happy look on a woman's face is one of the best assets of all—sulky ones may be lovely, but they get on your nerves after a while.

It's the healthy, happy, vital look which makes Margareta Wagstrom, who hails from Sweden, such a success as a television advertisement model in America that she makes 50 dollars an hour—which could add up to \$300 for a six-hour day.

Margareta, of course, has other assets, such as blue eyes, perfect teeth, a clear skin, brown hair and a well-balanced physique 5 ft 7 in. tall, which is a good amount of woman.

Her initial job was for a deodorant commercial. It was such a success—both women and men viewers were taken by her personality, if not for the ad—that she was immediately signed up for 32 other filmed commercials. In her first year as a model in America, Margareta earned more than \$50,000.

It also helps that she has a low, come-on voice and all the promise of a good outdoors play-companion.

by John Carlton



Above: By posing for television commercials and working as a high fashion model, Margareta made in her first year more than the Prime Minister of Australia — \$50,000?

Right: Using an old-fashioned, Swedish-type telephone — installed to make her feel at home in America — Margareta talks to one of her many admirers. But she has a fiancé!

Left: Margareta Wagstrom brought something of the cold country-freshness of her native Sweden to American television screens—and immediately became a top-line model.



Above: Even in bikini — or especially in a bikini — she retains a look of youthful innocence and makes viewers think, "I'd like to meet her."



ZOOM, ZONK- IT'S BATMAN!

THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT TV
IN YEARS ARE THOSE
INDEFATIGABLE
PROTECTORS OF
HUMAN VIRTUES,
THE CAPED
CARTOON
CRUSADERS

By JOHN CARLTON

The TV Batmobile is even more elaborate than the comic books' — an experimental Lincoln with 500 horses and more devices than 007's Aston Martin.



EVERY MALE HAS CAST HIMSELF
IN THE ROLE OF A SUPERMAN
BATTLING EVIL TO RESCUE THE
FAIR MAIDEN, WITHOUT REWARD



The TV series is as packed with specialized gimmicks as the comic books — one-man helicopter, man-shaped aircraft, jet-powered batboat.

From the ever-popular comic book series, its human form, Batman is the moral, God-fearing, courageous nemesis of the law-breakers.

Bruse Wayne, athletic socialite, was relaxing in his luxurious Gotham City mansion when the sign of the flying bat flashed across the sky. Batman was needed once again to lam into the lawbreakers, confuse the criminals and ensure that Right shall prevail!

Nothing to his Boy Wonder assistant, Robin — actually his ward, Dick Grayson, been in 1939 but still in his teens — the square-jawed upholder of justice descended into the secret cave. There he and Robin donned their uniforms — swimming trunks, bat wing-like capes — and jumped into their simulated-jet Batmobile.

And, all over the United States, millions of television viewers stopped eating peanuts to gaze in fascination as Batman and Robin, crime-breakers extraordinary, went into action to risk life and limb against the forces of evil.

Exactly the same thing should happen in Australia when the comic strip heroes take human form and lead the wide-eyed, the sceptical and the romantic down the adventure-studded halls of escapism.

Nothing quite like it has happened before in world entertainment. True, Superman captured the imagination of both juvenile and adult — but he had a little too much on his side, being able to shrug off bullets, deflect cannonballs, swallow poison, knock down stone walls with his fist and mend an earthquake or quell a volcano.

Superman, with his supra-planetary powers, should really have achieved more than he did — but he had diversions in his newspaper job and in Lois Lane, who always seemed to be doing her utmost to make Clark Kent prove himself a man.

Batman and Robin, however, have no such impediments to their self-appointed jobs of ridding Gotham City of an apparently endless supply of evil men bent upon evil things. They have enough money, time and spirituality to indulge their hobby to its inevitable end —

(Continued overleaf)



The Utility belt is a Batman special. From it he can extract explosives for poison, a bombproof linked to rope for climbing walls, a miniature air-sailing device, exploding smoke bombs...

Nobody knows Batman's true identity. When the police want him to come to their rescue, the sign is flashed on the sky with a searchlight. And then — whoosh, oosh, away we go!





"Before you start playing me with drinks I must warn you — I'm a nymphomaniac."

the triumph of justice over injustice, of morality over sin . . . and without women and sex impinging on their masculine world.

Already Batman is the biggest thing to hit the 15th Avenue since — a runaway success in a world and time long with inspired sex, sodomy and sodorality. At least five songs have been written about his doings, one of which (for the discotheque) goes,

Batman's coming, Cat, do the batman,
Batman's coming, Cat, do the batman;
Swain your hips,
It's roughly neat,
Do it hanging by your feet

The TV series follows an unusual pattern. Instead of one episode of bad as hell as a music, two episodes — to make a complete story — are shown on consecutive nights. The smart executives of 20th Century Fox which produces the Batman series, apparently saw in the James Bond formula that the viewing public was prepared to settle for vicarious rather than actual involvement in danger and derring-do.

Meanwhile, sales of Batman comic books, published in Australia, are booming and there is already a big market for 44 copies. Batman comics in the United States are selling at \$2.95 a copy for first editions (1969) and even those more than 15 years old are snapped up for \$2.25 each.

The buyers are not teenagers but adult readers anxious to buy a slice of nostalgia. And these are the audiences filling at least three picture theatres in New York rehashing the first 15-episode Batman movie serial made in 1943.

Thus the Batman TV series is appealing to a wide age group — to the youngsters because it is about their favorite comic book character and to the older because the incredible activities of the amazing pair reassure them with younger, probably

happier, days.

Batman — that wealthy socialite, Bruce Wayne — is everyone's secret dream of omnipotence, even if he remains unmotivated by women (who could, of course, be lured with evil). He is well-mannered, well-bred, has a butler-chauffeur and a background which steals his character to his purpose.

Wayne's parents were killed by criminals when he was young and, in the best traditions of the Walter Scott novel, he decided to devote himself to defeating crime.

Robin (Dick Grayson) was a circus performer who did a high-wire act with his parents. When the Flying Graysons fell and were killed, Robin was adopted by his orphan, Bruce, and trained as his assistant.

The couple are the brain children of a still-young man, artist Bob Kane, who lives on their earnings in a sumptuous New York home. Kane was a high school student of 18 when he first presented Batman (he became Batman) as a symbol of fight against night.

This was in 1939 and the relationship between Batman and Robin — their true identities, of course, are unknown to all but the butler — was so innocent of girls that cynics laughed. Kane overcame by introducing Batman (Batman) and a teen-age girl relative (Batgirl) who made eyes innocently at Robin.

But, although women may now be around, it is highly unlikely that either Batman or Robin will allow himself to be seduced if it fits not the role.

For the adult viewer, Batman takes the form of "guy art" — the art-form which gathers together oddity-related items, such as old car tires, mousetraps and dress-making models into something, but often commensurate, art. So Batman is intended to entrance and arouse the adult but, at the same time, give out some sort of a message which does not completely

offend anyone with a pretence of intellectuality.

The cost is good. Batman is played by Adam West, who is 5ft 3in and weighs 134lb. 4lb. West played in the popular TV series, *The Detectives*. He keeps the required Batman physique by surfing, skiing, eating mashed seaweed and drinking pauper juice.

Robin, the Boy Wonder with the face of iron, is played by an unknown actor — Bart Ward, 20, who is a breezy belt karateka, stands 5ft 8in and is less than nine stone.

The villains are all accomplices of the series. Burgess Meredith is one of Batman's arch enemies, The Penguin, Frank Gorshin, The Riddler — who leaves puzzles after his crimes, and George Sanders as Mr Freeze, an extramarital comic book badlie created by Doctor.

The theme of the series will be hero-worship — muscles, courage and ingenuity (especially in the invention of off-beat weapons) to outwit, defeat and humiliate the evil-doers. It is fantasy-dream stuff but clear enough in its mechanical inventions to satisfy the creator in every man.

As well as the Batmobile (which could be the car of the future) the two caged crusaders have a jet Batplane with appropriate wings, chautype hiphoppers, jet speedsters. Batman himself wears a belt from which he can extract weapons to suit the occasion.

Unlike Superman, they are vulnerable. The criminals they fight could — but for Bob Kane — inflict lethal wounds or a knockout blow. And, occasionally, they suffer in the way that off sailors — but never for long. Long a perpetual Phantom act.

The last scene from which they operate is full of scientific wonders and records to help them solve crimes with an omniscience that can tell where a blade of grass came from and which arch-criminal is at odds in the dark.

"Batman is not too unlike me," says Bob Kane. "We both believe in truth and justice. I'd like to be like him. A lot of guys would like to be like him. You'd like to be like him."

And so it is highly likely that, wearing Batman cap and Batman headgear and with a many-pocketed belt, Australian kids may be rehearsing Robin's emotional cry in a cross of "Holy alphas! Holy barons — it's The Penguin!"

There will be girls in the series, disporting themselves around the wealthy socialites swimming pool, never dreaming that he is such a hero — but there will be no personal contact. Should, for example, a beautiful daisied girl get, Batman won't apply mouth-to-mouth resuscitation or manipulate her chest. He will reach into a pocket of

his belt to extract "the universal reverter," which will bring her around, but at a distance.

The psychologists are already in the game, analysing the amazing success of the Batman series and worrying about the effect upon the population of such close identification with a criminal, sexual dream heroes. They need not worry. Hundreds of thousands of Batman and Robin sweatshirts are being bought — and if the kids are going to terrorise anything, it might as well be the criminal underworld.

Everybody seems to take their roles seriously. "Millions of youngsters have grown up with a love and respect for this devoted defender of the good and the pure," says Adam West. "I am deeply and humbly aware of the moral obligations that accompany my work in this series."

To one who saw a private screening of the first two episodes, it is obvious that the overly sincere Adam West possibly believes this — and the more serious he is, the more laughs he gets. The TV program is, in other words, stilted, comic book dialogue which sounds oddly mid-Victorian.

Batman: Robin — that's the kind of manly devotion to truth and honor that has made the American teenager an important figure in the world since 1945.

Robin: Aw leaping lizard, Batman!

Batman: Now — may I help you with your algebra?

In one scene, Bruce Wayne, immaculately dressed, is discussing some social project with a mob of Gotham City's leading citizens when his butler comes to whisper that he is wanted on the Batphone, an instrument which completely lights up and makes odd sounds. The call is coming from the Police Canine, a room from a mansion given by the Prime Minister of Mel-devia, during which a cake the PM is eating blows up and a conundrum from The Riddler starts down from the ceiling on a parachute.

And how does Wayne come. Batman chooses himself from the gathering of the elite citizens who are his guests.

"I'm sorry," he says, running from the room, "but I have just been reminded that I promised to take Robin fishing."

No wonder a cameraman hearing this type of dialogue and watching Batman and Robin shake hands in mutual congratulation — "Holy bulletproof glass, Batman!" — commented, "They're completely insane."

Maybe — but "insane" enough to keep Batman, a highly popular comic book and put the TV series in the top ten TV shows in America.

And those crazy, crazy dollars are rolling in! #

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"There were many technical problems which had to be solved first, and after they had been taken care of, unexpected political complications foiled our project.

"The gold belonged to Yugoslavia, in the first place. It had been stolen by the Nazis from the vaults of the Yugoslav National Bank in Belgrade. It was inevitable that Yugoslav agents should learn of the planned salvage operation. They threatened strong-arm action unless we agreed to hand over nine-tenths of the gold to them. Then the territorial waters dispute erupted between Albania and Greece."

The Corfu Channel is nine to 20 miles wide. It is 20 miles wide where the hoard was dumped by the Germans in 1944. Had both countries respected the International law, and imposed three-mile territorial water limits, the hoard could have been retrieved from the neutral zone without much ado. But after the war, most countries doubted and quadrupled their territorial water limits. Greece increased his sphere to six miles, Albania to 12. The result was that the hoard was now located in a disputed area, with overlapping claims.

Since Albania was not on speaking terms with either Greece or Yugoslavia, no one could start a salvage operation without drawing the fire of Albanian shore batteries. Greek gunboats or Yugoslav destroyers.

There are quite a few hoards which cannot be retrieved, for political, technical or economic reasons. The Corfu treasure is one of them.

"I think perhaps Mrs Howard is right," he went on. Veterans of the Nazi Security Service and Neo-Nazi agents have been active in Greece lately. Disguised as respectable West German businessmen, they have been renting villas on Greek islands, chartering yachts and fishing boats for smuggling trips. The Nazis still regard the hoard as their wedding loot.

"We last heard of Harry three weeks before his disappearance. His yacht was chartered by a group of wealthy American tourists who wanted to sail from Kalymnos to Volos, via Patmos and the Serrimas of Corinth.

"For all I know, Nazi agents could have posed as Americans to snatch Harry and force him to disclose the location of the Corfu hoard. His yacht was found abandoned in Volos Bay, deserted by its four-man crew. The four missing men were picked up unconscious from the gutters of Volos waterfront alleys. Someone had slipped, dragged drinks and knocked them out with blackjacks.

"And Harry's body was fished out of Corinth Bay. He lived a violent life, and died a violent death — may God have mercy on his soul . . ."

There were a few more questions I wanted to ask the businessman. First, the editors of Nazi Security Service knew better than Harry where the Corfu hoard was located and realized it could not be recovered as long as political conditions remained unsettled in the area. So they would not kidnap him and kill him, unless motivated by political revenge. But Harry was not interested in politics, and there were hundreds of former guerrillas who killed more Germans than he did.

If some free-lance gang did him in, after trying to find out the secret of the gold, they would have tortured him for information and dumped his body way out in the open sea. Instead, his body showed no signs of violence other than the steel spike, and it was found floating a short distance offshore. The coroner returned a verdict of accidental death.

The businessman got up to indicate the interview was over. "You ask too many questions, my friend. My daughter is getting married next month, and I plan to attend her wedding alive, not in a coffin." He escorted me to the door.

The full circumstances of Harry Howard's death may never be solved.

He was buried at the Greek-Orthodox cemetery in Heraklion. The funeral was attended by hundreds of wartime guerrillas, anti-Nazi resistance veterans and local community leaders. No officials were present.

In the hole-in-the-wall cafe on Heraklion's waterfront, where plump waitresses serve lukewarm snacks with pungent retsina wine, old smugglers and gun runners chew the fat and gossip about the case. They go so far as to say the man who died was Harry's double. Harry himself was a secret agent for the British Intelligence — or the Greeks — or both, the cafe habitués believe. But all this is typical Middle East rumormongering.

But no matter what is the truth — and it will perhaps never be known — two facts stand out.

● A hoard of gold jagous valued at more than \$15 million is waiting to be retrieved from the bottom of the sea off the Albanian coast in Corfu Channel.

● Alive or dead, Harry Howard was one of the most adventurous, courageous, daring and heroic Australians who ever lived. He inspired admiration, loyalty and devotion in those who knew him. He had lived a fuller life than most of us can ever expect. #

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down with blistered hands.

"Not too bad, thanks, Johnny," he said coolly. "Be careful where you drop the next tree, will you?"

There was a roar of laughter, Johnny's great bass laugh out of all. A dozen fresh hands had beaten out the blaze. The branches had dropped and the hazard was over.

Jim grinned at his pals. "What do you say to a drink before we go?"

Johnny's eyes were troubled. "You mind if I see Tess?"

She was waiting at the well, where the women had made tea and sandwiches. The tea tasted better than anything Jim could remember. He let the women fuss round him, tending his burns. Tessa had turned her back to him, talking in low, passionate tones to her mate. Lower Jim thought it best to break it up.

"Well, Johnny," he said cheerfully, "let's go."

Johnny turned obediently towards him, but Tessa was there first.

"No," she cried, "I haven't your any heart, Jim Sheldon! He fought that fire harder than any man — he saved your miserable corpse. Now you want to hang him!"

"Oh, come, Tess," he said reasonably. "It may not come to that. It isn't for me to say. I'm only doing my job. Johnny will get a fair trial."

He tried to catch Johnny's eye, signal a withdrawal, but she flew between them.

"Fair trial, is it?" she asked. "I'll give you fair trial!"

She sprang at Sheldon, claws outstretched. He tried to fend her off gently, but she fought like a wild thing. Tessa was all woman, but she was as angry as he was the average man. Embarrassed, Jim grappled with her. He felt a tug at his belt and roared in protest as his service revolver, torn free of the holster, arched through the air to land at the feet of the appalled Johnny.

"Are you a man or a mouse?" she shouted at him. "Stick up for yourself, you great lion!"

She pounced Jim savagely in the side, and he doubled up gasping, as the pain from his forehead jab landed through him. As he struggled to disentangle himself one part of his mind was wondering what Johnny would do now.

Then suddenly the pressure was off and Tessa was sprawling on the ground, Johnny standing over her.

"That's no way to go on," he was saying loudly. "What I done, I got to stand trial for. 'Taint nothing to do with Constable Jim Sheldon. He's only doing his duty. You mind yourself, lass, or I'll take my belt to you, hear?"

She said, "Yes, Johnny," meek as a Quaker and he

let her find her own feet. Her magnificent dark eyes were swimming with tears. "I love you so," she murmured.

He nodded, patting her hand with his great bear's paw.

"I know, lass, I love you, too. You'll wait for me, Tessa?"

She nodded. Jim stepped forward. "Come on, Johnny."

Johnny handed him the revolver butt first and pushed his wrists awkwardly forward.

Jim shook his head. "We don't need them," he said.

Once the jeep was rolling, he tossed the handcuffs over. "Put them on when we get near town — make it look good."

The steel links looked like a watch-chain in Johnny's hands.

The jeepish left behind, Jim said, "Way didn't you shoot me while you had the chance?"

Johnny grinned wryly. "I might have hit my girl."

"That's not the real reason, is it?"

"No, Jim. I reckon some can do it in cold blood and some can't. I couldn't kill a man on purpose."

They were silent together. Then Johnny said, "I'm not coming back, am I, Jim?"

"I wouldn't say that. Depends if you're convicted of manslaughter, a might not be too bad. Plenty of people would bear witness that you had provocation."

"It wouldn't make any difference, would it — what happened back there today?"

"I'll certainly say that it does, if I possibly can," Jim said warmly. "Not the part about Hedley — but about you saving my life."

"Thanks, Jim. You're a good man, Jim — look after Tessa, will you?"

The rattling of the jeep was jarring his tired body and the broken rib nagged at his side. But at that moment a most vivid memory came to Jim of Tessa pressed against him. His senses revived overwhelmingly the scent of her hair, blown about his face, the strength of her, the proud swell of her bosom and the red lips parted so near his own.

He held his muscles taut against the pain and leaped, slugging the Johnny on the chin. "God in Heaven, man," he said. "What makes you think you can trust her with me?"

SEE YOU LATER, PATER?

*I doubt if there's a single cat
Can tell you where
His Dad lives at*

—Ian Healy.

LOST SOUL ON THE ROAD TO HELL

(Continued from page 88)

Less the ones he'd lose at some chicle's place, less the ones he'd rip up in drunken or, as he called it, artistic rage at his own inadequacy, and less another one or two which he'd have to reinvent and which would never get done.

That would leave one or two or, at the most, three pages. Three in three months. And Mac? Had he sold a painting? How many more celebrations had he been on? Had he beaten his liver-splitting record of 27 consecutive days as tall as a goar?

Damn it, I thought. There are too many questions I want answered. I'm going down in sea.

I took a taxi down to the other end, got out and breathed the rejuvenating air of free life, heard the mixed mambo-jumbo of a dozen swinging combos coming from a dozen cellar dives and melting into one hotch-potch of music-weaving sound. Heard the drunken laughter of devil-may-care couples as they hogged their way down the footpath, heard the screaming wail of a pecker sure here, the screaming bawls of a dangerously driven car there; the right-on admonishments of newly skittled pedestrians, the "Up yours" of confident care-less drivers and the laughter of a lot of happy people.

Happy people.

Laughter. Laughter was the main thing I heard, the thing that I'd really been missing. Laughter from people who had a good idea of what life was all about. Laughter from people who weren't murky black shadows behind the symbolic frosted glass walls of myriad, polky cafes.

I breathed deep. Man, this part of town was with it.

I strode down the street

towards Black's Barn where Randy, Mac and the mob would be. Happy feeling. Lela's blood pounding through me again after three months of anisepic existence. Breath deep, boy, this is old Chama broken, prison of self-imposed exile escaped for the light. Me burning out of me with pure and utter pleasure.

The Barn was as always, except that after my absence the house seemed a hundred times magnified. A hundred people and a six-piece combo jammed into a 50 by 50, ceiling sagging, back crumpling And still room in the middle for a lot of hip, free-form, soul-dancing movement.

I listened to the deep resonant rhythm of Lela's bass, the casual, but so professional, tremors from Sky's cymbals and the searching keys of the piano-man. And I lipped up the moonraking solo that followed from the trumpet like a dying man lugs up water in an oasis.

I was home again.

"Johnny?" It was Randy, dirty, bearded, hopeless Randy, the poet "Johnny". He showed his way through the swaying crowd toward me. "Johnny, here're you going, you hideaway cat? Where you been, man? Why haven't you come before? Didn't you know we've been missing you? You coming back to stay? Johnny? Eh, Johnny?"

I counted them, seven questions in a row. Randy hadn't changed. I playfully punched him in the stomach and laughed, "Good to see you, Randy. What are you drinking?"

"Whiskey tonight, Johnny. Whiskey. The real stuff."

"Where's the money come from?"

"Where does it ever come from? It just happens. Day you left I got a gift from heaven. Cat that owed me ten came god. Sold a piece to the Yonika."

We shared together to a table "Where's Mac?"

"Celebrating."

"What?"

"Who knows? Someone sold a painting. I guess."

"How long has this been?"

"Ah... only about four days. He's doing okay. Made 40 week before last with his mutant job."

"How's the big one coming on?"

Randy poured me a drink. "Ah, you know, Johnny. It's a hard one. Big theme."

"How many pages have I left?"

"Completed?"

"Completed pages?"

"Ah, about five. Four to be exact."

I laughed out loud. "Good going, Randy. Better than I thought."

Randy raised his glass.

"To the world!"

"To the world!"

"Eh, man, what have you done with your beard?"

"I'm working in an advertising agency. Have to look respectable, you know."

"Agency? Writing goody ads for newspapers?" He had a pained look on his face.

"The same. Good money. Seventy bucks a week."

"Yeah? What about your novel?" Randy didn't approve.

"Not doing any at the moment. But I will in an

other few weeks, when I come back here." Randy's face lit up. "You and Mac got room for another bunk?"

He knotted out his bottle and poured another drink. "We sure have, Johnny. And we'll drink to that!"

We drank to lots of things in the next few hours.

The next morning I rolled up at the office around 10:30. Jack looked at me. "You're dead."

"Had a party," I muttered and slumped into my chair, head resting on hands.

"Some party. What were you drinking? Nitro-glycerine?"

"Something like that."

I didn't feel like talking but I knew I was going to have to tell him the whole story or he would keep pestering me. So I told him where I'd been and threw in a few fictitious and gory sightings to brighten his day.

Jack listened his face wreathed in a smile. When I'd finished he burst out laughing. "Johnny, there's no doubt about you son. You're a pretty wild kid."

"Yeah," I said and slumped further down in my chair.

I tried to do some work but I wasn't feeling very creative so I went down the street

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"No, no, not her, the one on the left, the one with the low-cut dress, really something, eh?"

for some coffee. When I came back in, Jack winked at me and shook his head as if to say, "Boy, aren't you a beauty!" I realised with some small pleasure that he'd no sooner dream of going downtown than jumping off a cliff. I winked back!

Three weeks later I had the \$400. I felt as if a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. I went in to see the bossman.

"Ah, at last, an athlete. He was one of those strident types who have gone slightly off fat."

I cleared my throat. "Two . . . er . . . I've come to hand in my resignation. I thought it better to see you personally rather than send it in writing."

He stared at me, his eyes narrowing slightly. "Resignation? You want to leave us?" He paused for a moment. "That is quite a shock. We've been extremely pleased with your work."

"I've enjoyed it."

"We enjoy working with you. You're conscientious. Frankly, when you first came I doubted you would survive the trial period. I only put you on because it is the firm's policy never to let possible talent slip through their fingers. You've worked creatively. Creatively, insistently and diligently."

"Thank you."

"Is there no way in which I can entice you to stay?"

"No."

The bossman smiled. "Well, you can't blame me for trying to keep you. Would you mind stopping out for a moment? I'll call you back in five minutes."

Wonderingly, I left the office and stood by the closed door. From there I heard him pick up his phone. I couldn't make out what he said, but a low, intense stream of words came from his mouth. A moment later he called me in.

"John, I've just been on

the phone to the managing director. He wants you to stay, too. I'll be quite straight forward. How much money do you want . . . with- in reason?"

"It's not the money, really. That's got nothing to do with it."

"Every man's got a price. What's yours? Eighty? Eighty dollars a week?"

"I shook my head. 'I don't think you understand . . .'

"I understood all right. I understood we're losing a man we want to keep on our staff. A hundred?"

The figure hit my brain like a shot from a 5-inch naval gun. Hundred a week. Another few months and I'd have enough to live the way I wanted to live for two or three years. The novel could wait this long, surely. Six months of hard saving and I'd have a return boat fare to Europe and a pocket full of spending money as well.

"Compensating from this moment." The bossman stepped his hand on the desk to emphasize the magnitude of the offer.

I pinched my nose between my thumb and forefinger and half closed my eyes. I tried to think but the figure clouded by brain. One thing did come through. On a salary like that I could save. And saving would allow me to do the things I wanted.

"Well, John? It's a big salary for a young man. Not many others with your limited experience would be given offers like this."

"I'll take it."

"Good lad." He extended his hand and laughed. "Good to have you back again."

I shook the offered hand and smiled. "Well," I said. "I'll be getting back to it."

I was half out the door when he spoke again. "Oh, and John . . ." His face was wreathed in smiles. "I didn't want to tell you until I was sure you were staying with



"I can't sleep! I think I'll go down and make the counters!"

us. You've been chosen to undergo training as an account executive. I'll be grooming you myself. You can shift into the next office, right beside me, next Monday. Clean up your desk during these next few days."

I softly closed the bossman's door and stood by it in an unobtrusive, yet somehow quite contented way. It had happened so fast. Was it a good thing? I didn't know. I shrugged and promised myself that I wouldn't stay more than a year at the most.

The novel could wait that long.

So there it is, man. The year was up. A couple of months ago but I'm still at the agency I've been an account executive for nearly nine months and I'm due for another raise soon.

"The novel? It's going to be done, but not soon. I'm not hanging around here much longer . . . I quit."

I saw something the other day which it had taken me 24 months to notice.

My office has got frosted glass walls.

THE BEARDED ONES

(Continued from page 41)

pleasure playing the guitar, singing folk songs, writing poetry, making hand-carved guitars. But he has also shored snow in Sweden, built haystacks in England and played championship chess.

While Sculze moved around the harbor — with two of de Zwaan's male friends looking after the sails — a beautiful blonde in a blue bikini came up from the galley with thick sandwiches of crusty French bread, cheese and salmon. The boat was well stocked with wines, imported cheeses and your wet food — the type of food enjoyed by Jack Kerouac's Zen characters.

Australia, he reckons, is not a good place for food. "Only the foreigners know what is good to eat," he said. "Some Italian friends of mine catch small squid on the rocks around Sydney. Squid is delicious. In Italy and Spain they eat it raw. But in Australia they can't understand how we can eat both fish and meat raw."

de Zwaan's flat in one of Sydney's "bohemian" suburbs also fits the imagined pattern. It is crowded with paintings and photographs from exotic countries, Polynesian drums and guitars, tapes of African chants and Cuban folk songs, books on linguistics and collections of antique fiction stories. In a small workshop, he makes Spanish guitars.

Born of Dutch parents in Indonesia in 1933, de Zwaan went to school in Holland before World War II — and decided to see the world as soon as he was old enough. His aim was to find places where he could live on his own terms without interference from society and be the complete individual. There are not many, least of all Holland, where he never felt fully at home.

"The countries of Europe have an atmosphere, you either like or do not. I don't. Holland has three things I count in its favor — the gin, the fresh raw herrings and the cheap Indonesian food — but the climate is terrible," he said.

"The attitude of the Dutch



"No, just a brief separation."

disturbed me. If I were to say that I was going to buy a boat and sail it to the South Seas, not only would they ridicule the idea but think it not in keeping with my standing as a rising member of the community. For another thing, they would think it was impossible because nobody they knew had ever done it. To them it would seem I was wasting my time in some unbridled pursuit of no use to my career.

"But if I say to people here in Australia, 'I have a boat and I'm going to sail around the world,' they say 'Terrific, mate. I wish I could do it.' I'm pleased with the Australian attitude generally toward my largely unrealistic schemes and adventures."

Such acceptance of a man's personal desires is rare in Europe, which partly explains why de Zwaan is in Australia. He tried many countries first. He took a course in hotel management in Switzerland and lived in England, France, Spain and Sweden. Of them, only Sweden suited him best—although he had to shovel snow in Stockholm for a living. If Sweden had the optimism of Australia, he would be there now.

"The country has a large degree of personal freedom—nobody cares what one does," he said. "You see ads in the newspapers, 'See our pornographic films. Become a member of a pornographic film society.' That's okay by me, because it's not forced upon you—but, if you want to join, you know where to go. If you think you are strong enough to take in pornographic pictures, then you should go to see them. It's your business, so long as you don't press them on anyone who doesn't want them. Then no one will interfere with you. I like this about Sweden."

de Zwaan does not rebel against society in the sense of the vocalists, however, who go out of his way to point out how different he is. He merely avoids contact with it as much as he can, but conforms when he can not dodge this. He can do this because of his educational background.

After coming to Australia he got his degree from Sydney University and took a position there as a research assistant in the field of philology and linguistics. He speaks many languages, including Swedish, French, German and Spanish, and is working on a study of aboriginal dialects.

de Zwaan's casual, free and active way of life and dress brings criticism from those who think that an ascetic should conform, but this does not worry him. He has no quarrel with the critics, "but I don't think I am wrong because they are

right."

It was getting darker in the room. At the other end, people were laughing and talking. A girl with the face and body of a Botticelli Venus walked toward us and, without a word, sat beside de Zwaan, put her arms around his neck and closed her eyes.

So I asked what position sex occupied in a life crowded with action and ideas. "It is one of the enjoyable aspects of life to me," he replied. "As is food and drink and sleep and various other primary functions. If sex were abolished it would be a very uninteresting world. But I think that marriage as an official institution may not be as efficient as deemed to be. Imagine a society where trial marriage is accepted as the norm, where you can take out a license (Continued on page 25)



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OF MANY THINGS

IT AINT PSYCHOLOGICALLY SO

It's long been said that the smart young man in the sports car can always lure a girl to sit beside him, hair flying in the wind. But in a survey around Sydney the other week, and we were surprised to note how many spectators had two men (or two girls) as transporters. And now another illusion has been shattered: Cars have been linked with sex — part of an advertising gimmick? — and young men led to believe that if they drive a girl friend at high speeds she is far more vulnerable to seduction afterwards. Not so. A team of investigators of teenage morals in England has proved that would-be speedster-seductors are wasting their time. Girls are no more easily persuaded to make love after a burn up in a car than they would be normally.

IF YOU SURVIVE THE TREATMENT, YOU'RE IN

We haven't a Jet Set in Australia, but young girls on the fringe of something like it — they go to discotheques, water-ski, own large dogs and wear skirts away above the knee — are laying down what could be called Australian Standards for a Male who Wants to Succeed. In other words, a boyfriend rating. Bit smotherish, maybe, but illuminating. Anyway, here is the current Sydney position: Cranbrook school is in this year; bonus, 50 points. If his father went to Shore in Rorol Flynn's time, bonus 500. But deduct 500 if he's got a young brother hooked into Timbortop during the past three months. The status car is an old 255 Jaguar. In the career line, subsector for dentistry but add for psychiatry. In hobbies, the biggest bonus goes to rare book collecting. A like of cricket loses 10 points — and interest in cooking only gets a bonus if it pre-dates Graham Kerr's TV show!

FRIGHTEN THE BUYER — AND THEN SELL!

Offbeat advertisements for selling things are in these days — and here is one example from a Victorian news paper:

"Glen Iris — WB \$12,000. It is impossible to arrange furniture in our kitchen or to swing a cat in more than two of the four bedrooms. We invite anybody with a fridge, small kitchen and \$3000 deposit to try. To the successful applicant we will throw in automatic washer, carpets, curtains, 19 ft carpeted veranda, charming neighbors and a barrel of beer."

PERCE DID NOT TURN OUT TO BE A PET LAMB

Visitor to the country was asked by his host if he'd care to come with him to the hayshed before going on a tour of the property. The host was carrying a bottle of milk and a saucer and the city fellow thought he'd been invited to watch a motherless lamb or calf being fed. They got into the hayshed, the farmer gave a whistle — and something flopped from the rafters right at the city man's feet. It was a 9 ft carpet snake!

HOW TO CATCH FISH WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Couple of fellows sailing in the VI championships on Lake Macquarie were zooming along when a floating cork nearly came aboard. One grabbed it and pulled. Seemed a bit heavy — and it was. On the end of the nylon line was a 3 lb fathead. Managed to come third in the race too — even with a 3 lb handicap!

—Marshall Kirby

WOOOOSH...!

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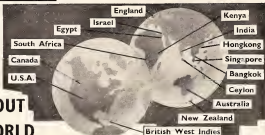
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